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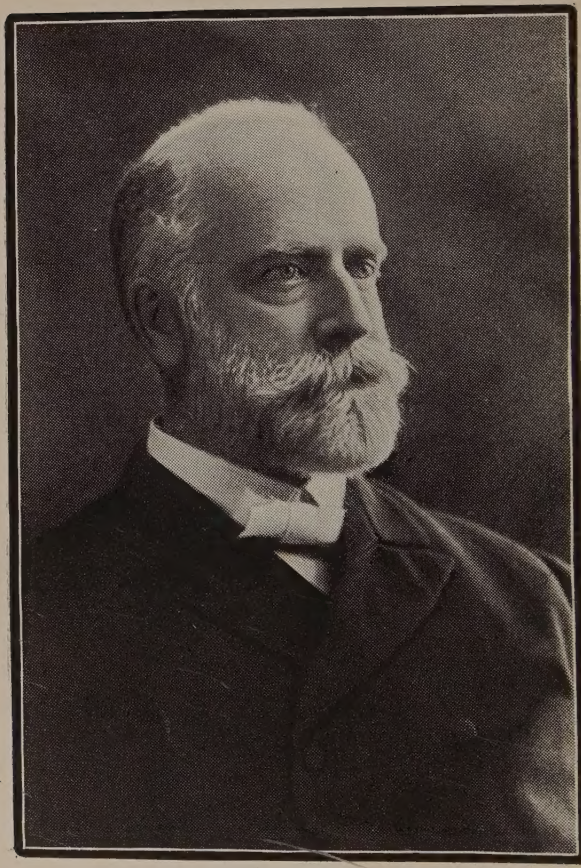

REV. R. A. TORREY, D. D.

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TORREY AND ALEXANDER

THE STORY OF A WORLD-WIDE REVIVAL

A RECORD AND STUDY OF THE WORK AND PERSONALITY OF THE EVANGELISTS R. A. TORREY, D. D., AND CHARLES M. ALEXANDER

BY
GEORGE T. B. DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED

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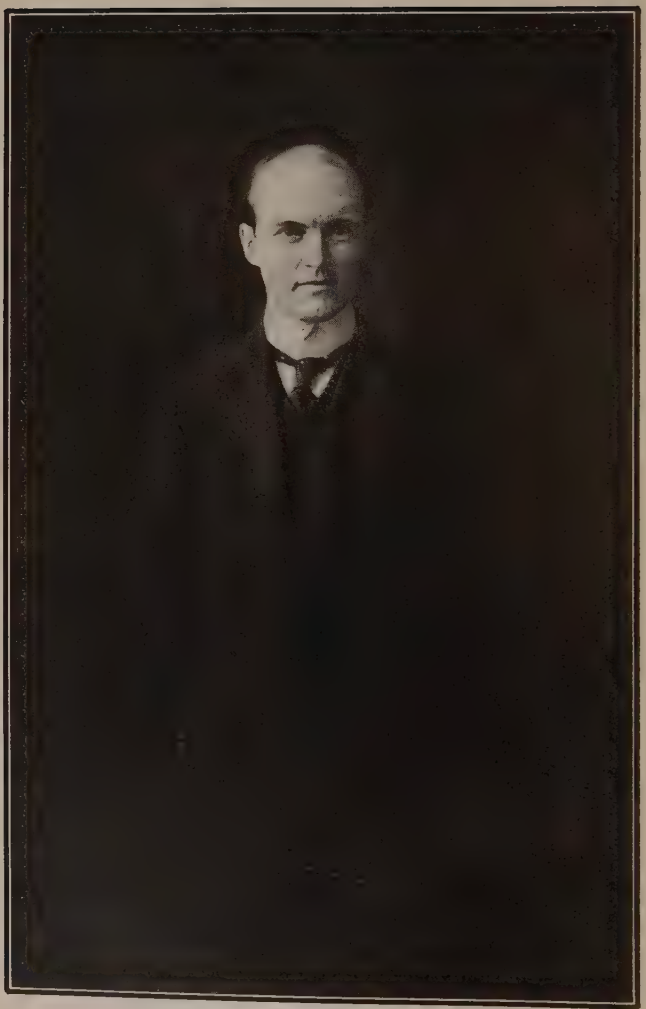

CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.

I

THE ORIGIN OF THE WORLD-WIDE AWAKENING

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THE world is to-day experiencing a revival of religion which is destined to mark an important epoch in history. It is a revival which has already led thousands in various lands to a knowledge of Jesus Christ, and which its leaders with one accord prophesy will prove to be one of the most momentous in the history of the Christian Church. Thus far in its progress it far surpasses minor movements, and ranks alongside the great revivals of the past, such as the great awakening of 1729 to 1750, under the leadership of Jonathan Edwards, Whitefield, and the Wesleys, and the remarkable revival of 1857-59, which swept over the United States, Wales, and Ireland.

The present revival is especially notable because of its cosmopolitan origin and progress. It seems to have originated in a prayer-meeting in Chicago; to have first broken out in Australia in 1902; to have been gradually kindled in England in 1903 and 1904, and to have burst forth into a bright flame in Wales at the beginning

of 1905, whence it is now spreading throughout the entire world.

The world-wide revival tour of Dr. R. A. Torrey and Mr. Charles M. Alexander, which inaugurated and formed the first stage of the great awakening, constitutes an achievement almost without a parallel in Christian annals. It began in 1901, and has now extended over a period of three and one-half years, during which nearly one hundred thousand converts have stood up in their meetings to publicly confess Jesus Christ. Such a revival journey, which has completely encircled the earth, is entirely unprecedented in the history of the Christian Church. Other evangelists have been mightily used of God on the two continents of America and Europe, such as Wesley, Whitefield, Finney, and Moody and Sankey, but never before has a great revivalist gone completely around the world preaching the same Gospel to the yellow races of Japan and China, the mixed population of Australasia, and the dark-skinned natives of India. And it is all the more remarkable when it is considered that it came about suddenly, and *entirely in answer to prayer*. It is a sheer romance of faith in God. It is a modern addition to those wonders wrought by faith recorded in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews.

The story of how the world-tour began is both fascinating and inspiring. It is a narrative of

answer to prayer in which God displayed His power as strikingly and as marvellously as in the days of old. In the year 1898, at the conclusion of the Week of Prayer, a burden was laid upon the hearts of a little group of people in the church in Chicago founded by D. L. Moody, that the world might once more experience a great revival of religion such as had stirred the nations in past generations. This little group of people included Dr. R. A. Torrey and several of his associates in the management of Moody Church and Moody Bible Institute. They began a weekly prayer-meeting, the sole object of which was to plead earnestly with God for the speedy coming of a great spiritual awakening. The meeting was held in the Bible Institute each Saturday night from 9 till 10 o'clock. The attendance speedily grew until it numbered an average of 300 people, and the meetings continued month after month, although no sign of the awakening for which they prayed was visible. At the conclusion of one of these prayer-meetings the burden for a revival was felt so strongly by Dr. Torrey and four or five associates that they went into a small room and there continued to pray agonisingly to God until 2 o'clock on Sunday morning. Thereafter it became a regular custom for this second long prayer-meeting to follow the first. For three years these prayer-meetings continued,

although there was scarcely a cloud in the spiritual sky as large as a man's hand to indicate the coming of a great revival. The continuation of these meetings for three years was a triumph of sheer faith in God. It was the carrying out of Dr. Torrey's motto, "Pray Through." And it brought victory.

In the early hours of one Sunday morning, as Dr. Torrey and his associates were on their knees in that little room, pleading with God for the awakening, the leader was led to pray that God would send *him* around the world preaching the Gospel. Later, in speaking of this prayer, Dr. Torrey declared it was "a prayer that I had not dreamed of offering when we entered that hallowed place that night. The prayer was this, that God would send me round the world preaching the Gospel; and when I had ceased praying I knew I was going round the world to preach the Gospel. How, I did not know. With a large church constantly increasing in membership to be pastored, I did not see how I could leave them. With the Bible Institute to be guided and instructed I did not see how I could leave it; but I knew the call had come from God, and that God would open the way."

The answer came with startling suddenness. Within a week, two strangers stepped up to Dr. Torrey at the conclusion of a regular

church prayer meeting, and, in the name of the United Churches of Melbourne, Australia, invited him to conduct a simultaneous mission in that city. The men were Dr. Warren and Mr. G. P. Barber. Months before they had been delegated to visit England and America, and invite the right man to undertake the work, and they were led by the Spirit of God to invite Dr. Torrey. He could not refuse, for he felt that the call came from God, and was the answer to his prayer. The delegates of the Australian churches later suggested that Dr. Torrey might bring with him a Gospel singer, and, after looking the field over, he settled upon a young man who had formerly been a student at the Bible Institute, Mr. Charles M. Alexander. Fortunately Mr. Alexander was at that moment unengaged, as the evangelist with whom he had been associated during the previous eight years had gone upon a three-months' visit to Palestine. The arrangements were finally completed between Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander by long-distance telephone over a stretch of six hundred miles.

Dr. Torrey set out for Australia before Mr. Alexander, going by way of Japan and China, where he preached the Gospel with great power, and where hundreds of converts were made during his brief visit. A vivid glimpse of Dr. Torrey's work in Japan—which shows how,

throughout the entire journey, he has concentrated all his energies upon preaching Christ Jesus and Him crucified—is given in the following incident which the evangelist tells of his two days' work in a Japanese town:

"I was preaching one afternoon in Japan to a congregation of University students and professors. The man who had asked me to speak to them had advised me not to preach them a sermon, not to talk to them directly on religion, but to give them a talk on the need of morality in education. I didn't have any talk on that subject. I preached them a sermon on the text, 'What Shall I Do with Jesus Which is Called Christ?' They all sat around me, Japanese fashion, these young men who in the future were to be the prominent leaders of Japan. At the close of the sermon I said, 'Now, many of you gentlemen here believe as firmly as I do that Jesus Christ is the risen Son of God; and that he died for you. I do not know that you have courage to stand up here and confess Him before your fellows, but I am going to give you the chance. Everyone who will accept Jesus Christ as your Divine Saviour, surrender your will to Him as your Lord and Master, confess Him publicly before the world and in the future live to please Him in everything, day by day, please stand up.'

"There was a pause. Then one Japanese

jumped to his feet and came down with a thud; another followed, and another, and another. When I left that place next day the man who had advised me not to preach a sermon came to me and said, 'I have the names of one hundred and thirty-one Japanese who have publicly professed to accept Jesus Christ.'"

Finally the evangelists met in Melbourne, and during the four weeks' revival campaign which followed, in which fifty evangelists were engaged, the Spirit of God was poured out in such mighty measure that the result was the enrolment of eight thousand six hundred converts, and the starting of a revival flame which quickly spread throughout Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania. For months thereafter Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander went up and down Australasia, preaching to thousands everywhere, and seeing thousands converted. The total number of conversions in Australasia reached nearly 20,000. The report of the great awakening stirred all Christendom, and it constituted the first wave of the world-wide revival of the early years of the twentieth century.

The secret of the wonderful success of the Australian revival lay in the fact that during the awakening in Melbourne the city was honeycombed with two thousand prayer-circles. The members of these prayer-circles holding on to God day by day first shook Melbourne, and then

shook Australia. They were started by a woman residing in Melbourne, who had read a book on "Prayer" by Dr. Torrey, in which she found the phrase "Pray Through." It impressed her so strongly that she could not rest until she had organised her friends into prayer-circles, and the movement grew until it spread over the entire city. Shortly afterwards the same woman went to England, where she told the story of the prayer-circles at the great Keswick Convention. The idea was taken up at once by prominent religious leaders throughout Great Britain, and soon prayer-circles were in existence all over England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, whose aim and object was to pray for a world-wide revival, and for the outpouring of God's Spirit upon all nations in an unparalleled manner. In 1904, 30,000 people were enrolled in the various circles throughout Great Britain and the world, and there can be little doubt that the prayers of these consecrated people brought about the present revival. It is thus significant that the birth and progress of the world-revival came about in definite answer to definite prayer. First there was the small prayer-meeting in Moody Church, Chicago, which resulted in the sending forth of Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander upon their world-wide mission; then there were the 2000 prayer-circles in Melbourne which resulted in the Australian

revival; then there were the thousands of prayer-circles throughout Great Britain which brought about first the marvellous success of Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander during their work in England, and secondly the great revival which is now stirring the entire world.

Following their work in Australasia, the evangelists continued their revival journey. First a brief visit was paid to India, and then they conducted a wonderful two and one-half years' campaign in Great Britain, which paralleled, and in some respects surpassed, that of Moody and Sankey in 1873.

It was my privilege to accompany Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander during nine months of their closing work in England and Wales as the representative of American and English papers. I attended their meetings nightly during that period, and thus came into the closest touch with the evangelists, and had the opportunity of studying their work at first hand. It has consequently been a great pleasure to me to tell the story of their marvellous tour of the world and of their wonderful work in England and Wales. In the next few chapters, however, before giving a detailed account of their journey, I wish to give the reader a brief history of the lives of the evangelists in order that the record of their work may be read with greater interest and fuller understanding.

II

THE BOYHOOD OF DR. R. A. TORREY

THE life story of Dr. Torrey—and also that of his associate Mr. Alexander—is a romance of faith in God. By simple faith in God's promises he has accomplished the seemingly impossible again and again. For years Dr. Torrey refused to take a salary, and lived solely by faith, like the late George Muller, whose career, it may be remarked, made a profound impression upon him, and it was finally by faith that he threw a girdle of revival flame around the globe.

Reuben A. Torrey was born at Hoboken, New Jersey, on the 28th of January, 1856. When he was three years of age, however, the family removed to Brooklyn, where the early years of the future evangelist were spent. His father was a New York banker, who also took a leading part in politics, and was once offered the nomination for Mayor of Brooklyn.

For generations back his ancestors were leaders in various callings. He is of English origin, being descended from Captain William Torrey, who sailed for America in 1632, and

whose son was twice invited to be President of Harvard University. Among others of his family who have filled prominent positions were Dr. John Torrey, the well-known botanist, and Prof. Joseph Torrey of Vermont University, a distinguished scholar and church historian.

As a boy he was reared in a home of wealth and culture. Although his father lost one fortune as a banker in the financial panic of 1857, he quickly built up another as a manufacturer. When he was ten years of age the family, which numbered three sons and two daughters, removed from Brooklyn to a delightful country home amid the uplands of New York State. It was a large estate, comprising more than two hundred acres of land, and contained, according to Dr. Torrey's own description, "a beautiful home, a large spacious mansion, with splendid parks, lawns, stables, horses, coachmen, and servants." Later, however, this second fortune was lost. In speaking of his father's financial career, Dr. Torrey once said, "My father lost two fortunes. When he was a rich man, we five children one night sat down and figured out how much we thought he was worth, and how much each of us would get after his death. He sat by, listening and smiling. Do you know how much I actually got? A leather matchbox and a pair of sleeve buttons. The matchbox wore

out, one of the sleeve buttons was lost, and I can't find the other." The varied fortunes of the family afford Dr. Torrey an illustration, which he frequently uses, of how neither wealth nor honour nor anything in this world endures.

Although the family were religious,—his mother especially being a deeply pious woman,—the children were brought up in a somewhat lax manner. They were allowed to play cards at home, and to indulge in many worldly amusements which later led the young man into a life of utter worldliness and dissipation. It is gratifying to know, however, that on one point of religious observation the family were very strict, and Dr. Torrey declares he is profoundly grateful to God for it. The Sabbath was strictly observed as a day of rest and worship. His mother was accustomed to read aloud to the family circle by the hour from religious books and papers.

From early boyhood it was the consuming ambition of the future evangelist's life to follow in the footsteps of many of his ancestors and become a lawyer. In one of his sermons Dr. Torrey gives a vivid picture of a boyhood decision which exerted a powerful influence over the earlier part of his life. He says: "I remember when I was a mere lad, I had occasion one day to be on the top story of our house in the room where we put the old books out of the

library. I used to love to sit down on the floor and rummage around among the old books. I took up a volume that belonged to my mother, and in that book it described what a person must do to become a Christian. I said to myself, 'I wonder if I could be a Christian?' I began to read. The first thing I read, I said, 'I can say "yes" to that,' and the next thing, 'I can say "yes" to that,' and the next, 'I can say "yes" to that. But finally I came to something like this, that if I became a Christian I must be willing to do whatever God told me to do, and go wherever God told me to go. I said, 'No; just as like as not if I say "yes" to that, God will say "Preach the Gospel"' and I had made up my mind to be a lawyer, as so many of my family had been before me. I said, 'There won't be any joy left in life. I will have to give up the race-track; I will have to give up the card-table; I will have to give up the theatre; I will have to give up dancing; and life won't be worth living.' There and then I settled it that I would not be a Christian.

"From that time I deliberately refused to pay any more attention to the matter, and went in for a life of pleasure. I had good opportunity to find it. My father had a great deal of money, and I was sent off to the university at fifteen years of age. Now, a young fellow at the university, matriculating at fifteen, who

learns easily without much study, and with a rich father back of him who pays all his bills and never asks how he spends a penny of his money—it would have been a good thing for me if he had—a young fellow like that, who has not an over-sensitive conscience, can have a pretty good time if anybody can in this world, and I went in for a good time. Did I find it? I found disappointment; I found despair; I found utter wretchedness and barrenness."

It was the ardent desire of the young man's mother that he should preach the Gospel rather than become a lawyer. Many hours were spent by her in prayer that this might be the case, but outwardly there seemed little prospect of it. One night, however, while a student at Yale College, his mother's prayers were answered in a most remarkable manner. He himself describes the occurrence as follows:

"One night I dreamed that my mother was dead—though she was still living—and that I was sleeping in my old room, when she came in as an angel, and besought me to become a minister of the Gospel. I promised her that I would. I never could get away from that promise. Some time afterward I awoke one night filled with an awful agony and despair. I jumped out of bed and hurried to the washstand to take out of it the weapon that would end the whole miserable business. As I fumbled around for it, for some

reason or other I could not find it. I don't know till this day why I could not find it. I still think it was there. In my awful despair I dropped upon my knees and lifted my heart to God, and I told God that if He would take the burden off my heart, I would preach the Gospel, though previously the whole ambition of my life was to be a lawyer. My conversion turned on my surrender at this point, and I found peace. Though I did not come out as a Christian for more than a year, I had settled it that I would obey God and preach. At the close of my senior year in the university I made a public profession of faith in Jesus Christ in the college chapel, and entered the theological department the following fall."

It was while still in Yale that the young man first met D. L. Moody, in whose footsteps he was eventually to follow as an evangelist. It was Moody who taught him how to win souls in a lesson which he has never forgotten. Dr. Torrey now describes the occurrence as follows:

"When Mr. Moody first came to New Haven we thought we would go out and hear this strange, uneducated man. I was in the senior class at Yale Theological Seminary, and was just about to take my B. D. degree. I knew more then than I will ever know in my life again. We thought we would patronise him a little bit. He did not seem at all honoured by

our presence, and, as we heard that untutored man we thought, 'He may be uneducated, but he knows some things we don't.' Some of us had sense enough to go to him and say, 'Mr. Moody, we wish you would tell us how to do it.' He told us to come around early the next night and he would tell us. Next night we went up to the meeting, and he said a few words to us, gave us a few texts of Scripture, and said, 'You go at it.' 'The best way to learn is to go at it. How to do it is to do it.' 'He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.'"

In the strange providence of God, it was also Moody who fired the young man with the desire to be a man of faith. In speaking of how this came about, Dr. Torrey says: "I remember one time when Mr. Moody came to New Haven. I was in the seminary, in my last year. In a sermon Mr. Moody said, 'Faith can do anything.' And as he went on preaching, I said to myself, 'That is so. No man has ever accomplished anything for God who did not have mighty faith.' Then I said, 'I am going to have faith.' And I tried to pump up faith. Did you ever try it? Did you ever try to pump water out of a pump that had no water in it? The more you pump the more the old pump squeaks, and that is all there is in it.

I went to work to pump up faith in my heart. I pumped, and pumped, and pumped, and the old pump squeaked, and I said, 'I am making no headway at all.' One day I ran across Romans x. 17—'Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God.' I stopped trying to pump up my faith, and I went to feeding upon the Word of God, and, thank God, I got some faith. I haven't as much yet as I ought to have, but I have got a million times more than I had to start with. If you haven't faith, feed on the Word of God. Some people say, 'I wish I had some faith,—I have no faith at all.' What are you doing to get faith? Reading all the sceptical books that come out, reading all the trashy novels that appear, reading all the review articles that come out in the reviews, and not spending ten minutes a day on the Word of God, and then wondering why you have not faith. You are starving your faith. The Bible is faith full. If you want faith you must be reading the Bible. Study it. Spend time on it."

III

EARLY DAYS AS PASTOR IN GARRETTSVILLE

BEFORE leaving the theological seminary at Yale, the young man was invited to become pastor of a Congregational church at Garrettsville, Ohio. This was a typical country town of about 1000 inhabitants, and was one of the most hardened and hopeless of parishes. Infidelity was rife. There were three churches in town, all quarrelling among themselves. The young man accepted the call to the little church of fifty members, and threw himself heart and soul into the task of regenerating the village. He preached with tremendous energy and earnestness, but his preaching was theological rather than experimental. He did not believe in an everlasting hell, and held to the tenets of the "higher critics" of the day. His preaching along that line would have amounted to little or nothing, had it not been that in the good providence of God he was filled with an earnest longing for a revival. He himself tells how, in spite of his meagre equipment for

the work of the ministry, God graciously poured out His Spirit upon the community in answer to the prayers of one of his first two converts. He says:

"I was ordained to the ministry when I was twenty-two years of age, and if ever there was a man ignorant of what the ministry meant it was myself. I had taken my two degrees, but as to knowing about the truth of God, I do not know anyone who undertook the conduct of a church who knew less about it than I did. But before undertaking that church I had read the biography of Mr. Finney, and his 'Revival Addresses,' and I had the idea that the normal state of a church was revival, so I started out on that line. The first two months I made very little headway, and then two women were converted—a young woman and an elderly woman. The elderly woman was a backslider of fifty years of age, utterly worldly, but she was soundly converted through and through. She commenced to pray for a revival in that community. Not many months after, she had to leave and go to California. She said, 'Friends, I have got to leave this place and go to California with a sick friend. But,' she continued, 'I am so sorry to go because God has heard my prayer, and we are going to have a great revival.'

"The revival had not broken out, but for

three weeks I got my people together and preached to them six nights every week on how to lead people to Christ when the revival came, for I knew it would come. At the end of that time I went to the other ministers in the town and tried to get them to unite in meetings. Each one wanted to make conditions that the other would not agree to, and at last I said, 'Gentlemen, I do not care for any conditions —you can do all the preaching, or either one of you can do it, but we are going to have united meetings to pray that God will bless this town.' Then I had trouble with my own church. I announced on the Sunday, 'These meetings are going to be discontinued, and we are going to have meetings in the Methodist Church, and the Baptist minister's son is going to do the preaching.' I met one of my leading men on the street, and he said, 'See here, Mr. Torrey, you ought never to have gone into union meetings without consulting us. We have tried every year to have union meetings, and they have ended in a row every time.' I said, 'See here, Mr. T., don't you kick over the traces. You just go ahead and work for the Lord.' He replied, 'I'm not going to kick over the traces, but you ought never to have done this.' He kept his word; he didn't kick over the traces. Two weeks later he came to me and said, 'Mr. Torrey, you were right. If

you had consulted us we would never have had united meetings.' The town was transformed by the revival which broke out, and which continued into the next year, and the next year after that. Then I left, and it went right on into my next ministry, and the next, and the next, and by the grace of God I have been in a revival all the time from that day to this."

Even as a young minister, Dr. Torrey had the same tremendous energy and the same fearlessness which has characterised his work around the world. During his pastorate in Garrettsville, as he sat in his study one morning writing a sermon for the following Sunday, a voice seemed to say to him, "You go down to such-and-such a saloon in the main street, and speak down there." He hesitated to act upon the suggestion, for he had been trying to believe that his duty as a minister consisted almost entirely in preaching sermons. But shirk as he would, the thought would not leave his mind. Presently the voice seemed to say to him a second time, "Go down to Horton & Thompson's saloon and speak there." The second summons was sufficient. Hastily arising from his desk, he put on his hat and coat and walked rapidly to the saloon. As he entered, several men were sitting around a table playing cards. Without any preliminary explanation he said, "Gentlemen, please put down those

cards for a few moments. I want to have a time of prayer." The unexpected entrance of the minister and his startling command so surprised the men that they obeyed at once. Dr. Torrey offered an earnest prayer for their salvation, plead with them a few moments to accept Christ, and departed.

A few days later as the young minister was walking down the same street, he saw the proprietor of a rival saloon standing in his doorway, glaring fiercely at him. As the young man reached the saloon-keeper, the latter said, "I hear you went into Horton & Thompson's saloon the other day and held a prayer meeting." The minister declared that the report was true, whereupon the saloon-keeper said, "Well, isn't my saloon as good as Horton & Thompson's?" Although the invitation was stated in such a peculiar manner, Mr. Torrey was not slow to accept it. He walked right in, and conducted a Gospel service similar to the one he had held in the rival saloon.

It was while he was still in the Theological Seminary before going to Garrettsville that his romance came into the young minister's life. He was invited upon one occasion to attend a temperance meeting, but, not being a total abstainer at this time, he was in a serious quandary as to what he should do. He was so exercised over the matter that he spent almost

the entire day before the meeting occurred, pleading with God to show him clearly his duty and enable him to do it. Finally he went to the meeting, and it was there that he first saw the young woman who was destined to become his wife. Dr. Torrey has given a graphic word picture of their meeting.

"Going out to preach one summer, I went into a village and found a temperance revival going on. I wished I had not come. They were going to have a temperance meeting that night. They said to me, 'Of course you will speak at the meeting.' I had never been inside one, for I had convinced myself that I did not believe in total abstinence. What should I do? I thought over it; I prayed over it; I spent almost the whole day in prayer. I prayed it through, and it became as clear as day that, if for nothing more than my influence, I ought to take my stand and sign the pledge. I went down to the meeting, and a speaker delivered his little speech. Then he said: 'Everybody in the room who has never signed the pledge, stand up!' An old drunkard, a young lady, and myself were the only ones in the building who stood up. As far as the lady was concerned, she was good-looking, and I didn't feel in bad company; but when I looked at that old soaker, I felt in dreadfully bad company. I went up and signed the pledge. The lady walked up

and she signed the pledge. She is my wife now, and that was the first time I ever saw her. She was seventeen and I twenty-one. The old soaker came up and signed the pledge too." This was in Mesopotamia, Ohio.

The first Sunday that Dr. Torrey preached in Garrettsville, Ohio, this lady, who had never spoken to him since the memorable temperance meeting, went to church to hear the new minister, whose name she had not heard. As she went she said, "I wish it were the young man I heard a year and a half ago in Mesopotamia." And it was.

The union proved a most happy one, and Dr. and Mrs. Torrey have been blessed with five children, four of whom are now living.

After spending four years in his first pastorate, Mr. Torrey resigned his charge, and went to Germany for a year to pursue further theological studies. His time was divided between Leipsic and Erlangen, and he had such famous instructors as Delitzsch, Luthardt, Kahnis, and Frank. When he began his studies he was a pronounced higher critic, but ere he had completed them he was convinced of the falsity of his views, and swung gradually back to the old conservative doctrines. And to-day there are few more strenuous opponents of the so-called "higher criticism" than the man who once advocated its principles.

One of the chief characteristics of Dr. Torrey is that he is a man of invincible principle. When he is convinced that a thing is right he will do it at all hazards. It will be remembered that he was now a pledged abstainer, and not a drop of liquor passed his lips during his mingling with the beer-loving German students. On one occasion his devotion to principle was severely tested. One hot summer's day he climbed with a party of students to the top of a high mountain. To his dismay he found upon reaching the summit that no temperance refreshments could be had. There were intoxicating liquors in abundance, and everybody around him was eagerly drinking the light German beer. The sun was beating down fiercely upon their heads, and while the rest were happily drinking their beer Mr. Torrey began to experience the tortures of thirst. Each moment his misery increased, but he gritted his teeth, steeled his heart, and determined that not a drop of the liquor should pass his lips. For he knew that there were in America, four thousand miles away, men whom by the grace of God he had lifted out of the gutter, and if it should come to their ears that he had drunk a glass of beer, no matter under what circumstances, his influence over them would be gone forever. That heroism on the part of the young minister was well worth

while, for Dr. Torrey has since told it hundreds of times in the course of his sermons, and it has been the means of giving fresh courage and inspiration to thousands of others.

Upon returning to America Dr. Torrey was faced with the problem of deciding between two calls to widely differing fields. One was to become pastor of a wealthy church in Brooklyn; the other to take charge of a weak and poor church in Minneapolis. The consecration and heroism of the man were well shown in the choice made, and it was a decision which shaped his entire future life. He accepted the Minneapolis church, and thus followed in his Master's footsteps, and in thus choosing the thorny path, and apparently losing his life, he became the successor of Dwight L. Moody, and led "one of the mightiest evangelistic movements the world has ever seen." As in his first charge, he threw all his energies into the work, and soon by the help of God had started a revival which continued throughout his entire pastorate. Indeed, Dr. Torrey has recently told how he has had a continuous revival in every church he has pastored. He said:

"My first charge was a little country church with fifty members, most of whom were absentees when I took it. The second church was in the large city of Minneapolis, that as an or-

ganised body didn't exist at all until I organised it, with eleven or thirteen members—I don't remember which. The third church was a people's church down in the heart of the city, which I organised with thirteen members, holding its meetings in halls, theatres, and such-like places. The fourth church, of which I am now pastor, is a metropolitan church in the heart of a great city, with a membership, when I took it, of eight hundred. Each one of these four churches was as different as churches could be. I started out in each by going to work to train my people to be intelligent soul-winners, so that if a revival ever should come, I would have people ready to lead others intelligently to an acceptance of Christ. The revival did come at the end of the first year in the first church, and it has been going on ever since. From that day till this I have lived in a revival. Some people say they believe, not in spasmodic revivals, but in perpetual revivals. So do I. I not only believe in them, but since the first year of my ministry I have had a perpetual revival, and that has been due largely to the fact that I have had a trained membership."

Dr. Torrey is firmly convinced that the energy of a minister should be devoted to saving souls rather than to philanthropic work. After having spent some years in Minneapolis he found that he was giving a large part of his

time and strength to the executive work of philanthropic societies. One morning, as he sat in his study, he began to count up the societies with which he was connected, and found that they were eight in number. Then the thought came to him, "What did God call you into the ministry for?" He decided that it was not to do philanthropic work, but to preach the Gospel, and that same day he wrote eight letters tendering his resignation to each of the societies. And from that day till this Dr. Torrey has consecrated his entire time and talents to the glorious work of preaching the Gospel to a lost world.

IV

THE MINISTRY IN MINNEAPOLIS AND CHICAGO

IT was while doing home missionary work in hard fields in the city of Minneapolis that Dr. Torrey passed through the spiritual crises which were the preparation and foundation for his future world-wide work. It will be remembered that it was the reading of Finney's "Revival Addresses" which led the young man to become a revivalist even in his first pastorate; and it was the reading of "The Life of Trust" by George Muller which led to his entering upon a life of faith while living in Minneapolis. Dr. Torrey now tells as follows of the crucial effect the reading of that book made upon his life. He says:

"Perhaps the most decisive turning point in my life since I have been in the ministry came through reading 'The Life of Trust' by George Muller. I have been a different man ever since I read that book; it led to a radical change in my whole conception of the Christian ministry, and of what Christian living really was. It cost me a great deal of money reading the book. At least it did for the time; I do

not know that I have lost anything permanently by it. But it led to my turning my back upon everything that I had hoped for in this world, and to just step out and obey God and believe in God, and trust in God for everything; and since I have done it He has given me everything I have or am. I do not think I shall cease to thank God throughout all eternity for what the words of this sainted servant of God were to me, and for what they have been to me ever since. I had other ambitions regarding the ministry in those days. I had an ambition to be the pastor of some large metropolitan church. I was at that time pastor of a very insignificant church with a handful of members; but I had an ambition to be a great minister of the Gospel, known all over the world as an eloquent preacher. That book took all that ambition out of me. I am glad it did. It simply gave me ambition to do God's Will—to please Him. It was an awful struggle, but I settled it in my study that from that hour I would obey everything I found recorded as being Christian duty in the Word of God; that I would go wherever God told me to go; say whatever I thought God told me to say; and never ask anybody for a penny of money; but just look to God to supply as He might see fit. And from that day to this I have been in Beulah Land."

It was then that Dr. Torrey felt it his duty to give up his salary and to live entirely by faith. Of what followed as the result of this step Dr. Torrey now says: "I know there is a God, and that He works as the Bible records. I have put this matter to the rigid test of personal experiment. A number of years ago I was brought to the place where it seemed my duty to give up my salary, and give up every means of gaining a livelihood, and work for God among the poor, never ask for money, and never tell any man that I needed a cent. Every penny I got for the support of my family and for the support of my work, the light, the rent, every penny came in answer to prayer. I determined not to go in debt, and the moment I could not pay my rent I would close up. When I could not pay for my bread-and-butter and beefsteak I would go without. I simply went to God every day. Every one of the three meals for myself and family came by prayer, and every dollar of household and hall rent came by prayer; and yet when I have gotten on a street-car with seven cents in my pocket, and did not know where any more was coming from, when a lady was going to be put off the car because the only money she had was counterfeit, I put my hand down in my pocket and paid the five cents as if I had been a millionaire. Every day of my life for months and months and months

I got everything in answer to prayer. And such things I asked for that nobody could possibly know I needed or wanted, and they always came, and not a man on earth knew anything about it. Every mouthful came directly from my Heavenly Father in answer to prayer; not a meal at our table that was not in answer to prayer; not a coat ever went on my back, nor a dress on my wife's back, nor clothing on the backs of the four children we had at the time that was not in answer to prayer. We got everything from God.

"I never was more serene in all my life. Oftentimes help came at the last hour. When we sat down to breakfast we did not know how dinner was coming. I remember one day my wife came upstairs between breakfast and dinner time and said, 'The butcher is downstairs. I want some money.' I said, 'I have none.' She said, 'There is nothing for dinner; what shall I do?' I said, 'Tell him to go away; we don't want anything. We will have money all right before dinner.' So she went down and told him that she would not order anything that morning. In a few moments she came up again with a letter. She had not opened it. She did not know who it was from. She said, 'Here is your money.' I opened the letter, and there sure enough was the money—plenty of it. If you are right with God, and you are

trusting God, and you are God's child, looking to Him, you will never lack anything that you ought to have."

While in the midst of his work in Minneapolis a call came to Dr. Torrey to become Superintendent of the Bible Institute at Chicago which had just been founded by D. L. Moody. It seems that before the Institute was opened, Mr. Moody was one day talking with Rev. Dr. E. M. Williams, now of Chicago Theological Seminary. Mr. Moody said, "I wish I knew a man to take the place of Superintendent of the Institute. It seems to me to be the largest thing I have ever undertaken, and that it is going to accomplish more than anything I have yet been permitted to do." He then asked Mr. Williams whether he knew of the right man for the place, and the latter, who knew all about Dr. Torrey's work in Minneapolis, recommended him in such glowing terms that Mr. Moody exclaimed: "You make my mouth water for him." The man who was living by faith in Minneapolis was at once sent for, and after a conversation with Mr. Moody he accepted the position, and has been Superintendent of the Moody Bible Institute from the day it was opened. October 1, 1889. At this time Dr. Torrey was only thirty-three years of age. Four years later the pastorate of the Chicago Avenue Church, which was also

founded by Mr. Moody, became vacant, and Dr. Torrey was asked to become its pastor, in addition to retaining his position as head of the Bible Institute. At Mr. Moody's earnest request he accepted, and began his dual work, not by attempting to do everything himself, but by pleading with all his members to become his assistants in the work of soul-winning. The very first sermon he preached to his people was on "Prayer," and that sermon had momentous consequences. Dr. Torrey tells of its effect as follows: "As I drew the sermon to a conclusion I said, 'How it would rejoice the heart of your new pastor to know that some of you people stayed up late on Saturday night, or got up early on Sunday morning to pray for your pastor.' All over the city it soon came to pass that there were little groups who would stay up late Saturday night, or get up early Sunday morning to pray for their preacher, and God heard their prayer. The church had a seating capacity of twenty-two hundred, and when I took the church the gallery did not need to be opened; but very soon after, in answer to these people's prayers, the church was crowded and, better than that, we had conversions all the time. I do not believe that there has been any day since that somebody has not been converted.

"It was not the minister. If you go and

REV. R. A. TORREY, D. D. AND FAMILY
(with Mr. Jacoby, assistant pastor, Chicago Church, on the right).

ask my people to-day what is the secret of it all, you would get the same answer from anyone who knows anything about the church. They would say, 'Because of our prayer-meetings; our public prayer-meetings; our private meetings.' Anybody could preach in a church like that. I have been away all of the time for the last three years, and up to that time for the four or five years preceding it I was away five months in every year; but everything goes on just the same—conversions right along. Why? Because it is a praying church.

"A minister who had taken the church over for a month said to me when I went home a year ago last summer, 'Torrey, I know the secret of your success in Chicago. I know the secret of this work around the world. After spending a month with your church I can understand it. I know why God blesses the preaching. It is in answer to the prayers of the people.'"

Within a few years after Dr. Torrey went to Chicago he was one of the foremost Christian leaders, not only in that city, but throughout the entire land. Every year he spent several months at Northfield, teaching and preaching in the various conferences held there, and he became a favourite speaker at other religious conferences and conventions for the development of the higher Christian

life. During all this period, also, with marvellous energy, he was writing book after book on prayer, on soul-winning, and on how to study the Bible. It may well be remarked just here that, in spite of all his activity, he found time for long and careful study of the Bible each day. And so heartily did Dr. Torrey enter into the spirit of the sacred Book, that its reading filled him with transcendent joy. In speaking of the joy which filled his heart as he read God's Word, and which still fills it in his daily reading, he says:

"How often have I reached home at night, after a hard day's labour, completely tired out. But before I go to bed I open my Bible (don't think that is the only time I study my Bible) get down on my knees, and ask God to give me something out of the Bible as I read, and God opens up His purposes of love, and as I read His wonderful promises my tired heart forgets its weariness, and I fairly shout for joy. I never shout in public—I wonder that I don't—but when I am all alone by myself and with my God and with my Bible, I shout, I cannot help it. The sweetest, purest, highest, holiest, most amazing joy I know is when I bend over this Book in prayerful study, and God gives me new messages."

Throughout his work in Chicago Dr. Torrey was not only an advocate of prayer, of

soul-winning, and of reading the Bible, he also believed that every Christian should be filled with the Holy Spirit. He believes not only in a second baptism of the Holy Ghost, but in a third, a twentieth, a two-hundredth. He says people often ask him if he has received the second blessing. He replies that he has received the second, the third, the fourth, the ninth, the tenth, the hundredth, the three-hundredth, and three-hundred-and-twenty-fifth, and is now waiting for the three-hundred-and-twenty-sixth.

During the great World's Fair Campaign conducted by Mr. Moody in 1893, Dr. Torrey was one of his right-hand assistants, and took a prominent part throughout in the management of the remarkable crusade. Three years later, when Mr. Moody was taken ill and compelled to return to Northfield while in the midst of a great revival campaign in Kansas City, it was to Dr. Torrey he telegraphed to take up the work, and who promptly stepped into his place and continued the movement. And, finally, it was only two years later that there was begun in the Bible Institute that weekly prayer-meeting for a world-wide revival of religion which resulted in the sending of Dr. Torrey around the world and the conversion of one hundred thousand souls.

V

PARENTAGE AND EARLY LIFE OF CHARLES M. ALEXANDER

LIKE a modern version of the Acts of the Apostles runs the life story of Charles McCallon Alexander, the famous Gospel singer and conductor. It is a veritable romance, a stirring and inspiring narrative of answered prayer. "Every great event of my life has come to pass in answer to prayer," declares Mr. Alexander; and this is the keynote of his remarkable career.

It was less than thirty-eight years ago that Mr. Alexander was born in a log-house amid the hills of Tennessee in America. His parents were poor, but God-fearing, with strong musical talents. But little did they dream, as the lad Charles drove the cows home in the waning twilight, singing Gospel hymns as he plodded them onward, that he would one day become the most famous Gospel singer and leader in the world.

Though he was born in a humble home, yet it was delightfully situated among the hills of

Tennessee. Many of his boyhood days were spent in adventurous ramblings through forest and glen, over hill and dale, picking berries, exploring the brooks and streams, and lying upon his back watching the fleecy clouds and dreaming of the future. The famous singer loves to recall the memories of those early years, and of his dearly beloved and honoured parents. Speaking to me of the religious influences with which he was surrounded, he said:

"My father was an elder in the Presbyterian church, and a leader in good works. My mother was a consecrated woman, full of deep piety, with a strong practical strain. The only papers we took were religious ones, and at night time we would all gather round the fireside, and mother would read aloud from them. Also, on stormy and rainy days, mother would read aloud to us children. She loved most to read sermons, and Moody's sermons were our favourites. Sometimes when she had read other sermons she would say, 'Well now, my children, these are very good, but I'll read you some more of Moody's. He goes right to our hearts, and he bases what he says on the Word of God;' and I remember how we would all break down and cry together over some of his stories.

"Some of the most potent influences in

moulding my life and sweetening it were the long talks with my mother on rainy days. While the rain was beating upon the roof, and the wind was howling in the trees outside, she would tell me the stories of the chief Bible characters and point out the lessons to be derived from them. She was full of sympathy for the poor, and was easily touched with the misery of others. She was a clear-headed thinker, original and practical. The chief books in our home were religious, for my father had a penchant for purchasing portions of ministers' libraries, and my earliest reading was almost entirely of a religious character.

"My mother sang sweetly, while my father was famous through all the region round about as a musical leader. My father purchased the first book of modern Gospel songs that came out when Moody and Sankey were doing their great work. Then we kept getting the Gospel hymns as they were published. Almost as soon as I was able to read anything my father taught me to read music. He would take my hand in his, and we never sang a new song together without beating time with the hand. It was thus as a child that I learned to use my hands in leading Gospel singing. I well recall how on Sunday afternoons people would drive from far and near over the hills and gather on our verandah, while my father would lead them

for hours in singing sacred hymns. Music thrilled me from earliest childhood."

Mr. Alexander declared that the earliest book he read was the New Testament. For some years after he began attending school his teacher was the widow of a Presbyterian minister, whose method of education was peculiar but effective. The three things she taught were the New Testament, Webster's Spelling Book, and the Shorter Catechism. Three times a day they had reading lessons in the New Testament, and prizes were offered for all those who learned the 106 questions in the Shorter Catechism. The earliest books he read outside the Bible were a "Life of Lincoln," and "A Guide for Young Disciples" by Pike. His first piano lessons were earned by milking the family cow and daily delivering the milk to a lady, who gave him the lessons in return.

In the little village church which the family attended they had only a small cabinet organ, but he affirms that to his youthful ears its tones sounded grand indeed. He says: "The people in the choir seemed to me so grand that they were miles distant, and when a girl went away to a conservatoire of music and came back and sang for us, it seemed as if the angels in Heaven were flooding the place with Divine melody. Never since have I heard a pipe-organ that sounded so grandly as that little

organ in our small village church." So full of musical talent was the young lad that when only nine years of age he was accustomed to start the singing in the Sunday school he attended.

It was through reading a magazine article in his boyhood that Mr. Alexander gained a consuming ambition to organise great choirs of singers and to become a proficient musical conductor. He declares that the reading of the article exerted a powerful influence upon his life. He said to me: "I read in some magazine about Gilmore, the famous band leader, in which it was told how, from a poor Irish boy coming over to America, he had gone on from one thing to another, organising one band after another, until he had brought together one of the largest bands in America; and how he eventually organised a great choir of singers in New Orleans. I thought, 'Well, if that little lone Irish boy could do that there may be some chance for me.' I never quite got that little magazine article out of my head. I went to studying band instruments from a scientific standpoint; what combinations of string, brass, or reed instruments would produce certain effects, and so forth. People said I was wasting my time, but I kept right on. I didn't know how it would turn out, or anything about it; I was simply studying to perfect myself in

accordance with my dreams of the future. And I did not stop with singing or playing. I would go and listen to orators to see how they kept their crowds in hand, because I thought if I was going to handle big crowds like that I'd have to learn how to get their attention and keep it. At this time I was between fifteen and sixteen years of age. I read a good deal of religious literature, was a church member, and tried to keep straight in that way, but was not then an out-and-out Christian. I also read with interest the biographies of many great men, both of England and of America, and found that reading them gave me great insight into the work I was preparing for. I thought then that my life work would be secular, probably something like Gilmore's.

"I well remember the day when, as a youth, I started out from my country home for the university. I had not gone far when good old Deacon Hudgins came along with his waggon, and took me up with my box, and carried me twelve miles over the hills to the university town. It was a beautiful, balmy day as we drove along, each of us lost in thought. At last Deacon Hudgins gave utterance to the following words of advice: 'My boy, you are going to a place where it will be easy for you to find bad companions. You will not have the influence of your quiet Christian home and a

good mother to keep you straight. Do not disgrace the profession you have made in our country church, but be true to your church membership.' I have never forgotten those words. In my most mischievous hours, when strong temptations came to me to adopt a companion who would lead me in wrong paths, I remembered that the members of the little church would be thinking of the disgrace that I should bring upon them if I went wrong. It was a great factor in keeping me true and pure."

When asked about his first experience as a musical conductor Mr. Alexander said: "I began my career as a conductor of singing while teaching a country school when about seventeen years of age. I developed in music rapidly, studied at a musical college for a few months, and was then appointed Director of Music in the university which I had formerly attended. It was a remarkable fact that ninety per cent. of the students there were Christian, and most of the music used in practising and in public entertainments was religious.

"I had all grades in my classes in the college—about three hundred in all. I also organised and taught a large brass band, that was called 'The Alexander Brass Band.' When the students came to me and informed me that

this name had been unanimously chosen for the organisation, it was one of the proudest moments of my life. The religious influence in the college was very helpful, but I did not obey the call for full surrender, though there was always a voice in my heart demanding it."

It was at this time that an event occurred which changed the entire course of his life, and led him to devote his efforts entirely to sacred song. In tender tones Mr. Alexander told of this crucial experience. "While I was teaching at Maryville University," said he, "I had a telegram from my mother saying that my father was not expected to live, and I hurried to my home, which was then in Atlanta, Georgia. On my journey home I had time to think, and the world changed in a very few hours. Father lived for a week, and during that time my outlook upon the world was changing all the time. I was looking at things in the light of eternity. The night my father died it came to me as never before—the worth of a human soul. He couldn't take any of us; he must go alone. And I pondered how essential it was before everything else to see that the soul was safe in God's keeping.

"I don't know definitely whether I was converted before that. When, following his death, I had to go across the city for an undertaker, late at night, it seemed to me as if my heart

would break. I wasn't absolutely certain whether father was in Heaven, as I hadn't studied the Bible closely enough to know. I knew he was an elder in a church, and all that; but as I went along the street I just cried to God: 'If there is any way that Thou revealest Thyself to people, whether by vision, or voice, or impression, give me the certainty that my father is with Thee, and safe,' and I promised Him that I would serve Him all my life if He would but give me the assurance. Just as clearly as anything I ever experienced in my life, the impression came to me, 'Your father is up here safe with Me.' There and then I promised to serve Him all my life, just looking naturally up at the stars, and the load lifted right off me. Filled as I was with thoughts of eternity, the buildings on each side of me looked like mere rubbish, though I remember that before when I went down those streets I used often to say, 'I'd like to own one of those splendid blocks!' Every time I saw a man coming out of a saloon I wanted to go up to and throw my arms about him, and tell him: 'You're going to hell, man! Why don't you accept Jesus Christ?' A great longing to save souls from eternal death came to me that night, and has been with me—though I have sometimes grown cold—from that day to the present."

From that night all thought of a secular career was banished from Mr. Alexander's mind, and he began wondering what talents he had which God could use for the salvation of men.

VI

STUDENT DAYS AT THE MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE

IT was about this time that Mr. Alexander came across the autobiography of Charles G. Finney, the same book that had made so marked an impression on Mr. Torrey. He was touched to the inmost core of his being by the thrilling and searching things that he read in the remarkable narrative. Three times he read it, and the impressions he derived from its study have been some of the most potent influences in moulding his life.

After young Alexander had been summoned home by the death of his father, he did not return to his post at Maryville University, but remained for some months upon the family farm, comforting his mother and making plans for the future of his brothers and sister. All thought of a secular career was now abandoned, and he was determined to devote every energy he possessed towards winning souls to Christ. He declares that those weeks upon the farm following his father's death were days of

Heaven on earth, though they were days of loneliness. The beauty of the Scriptures was then revealed to him as never before.

When asked to describe his state of mind at this period, he said: "I was now determined to devote my life entirely to God's service. Hitherto, my chief aim had been to organise great concerts for the entertainment of the people, but I found no lasting pleasure in them. After each concert was over, and I was disappointed at not finding complete satisfaction in it, I would go to work to organise a larger one, thinking that then my heart would be at rest. The eventful evening would come, and I would look down upon hundreds of people with faces aglow with excitement as they listened enthralled to the singers and players. But when the people had gone and the lights were turned out I found I was still dissatisfied. The next day, when I would meet my friends with their high praises of the success of the previous evening, I would have the same heart-emptiness as before. Then I began to ask myself whether there was anything that one could do which, when it was finished, one would feel entirely satisfied with. Surely there was something that could be done, so that when it was over, one could feel certain that it was the very best thing possible both for the leader and for the audience. I loved to undertake great things,

but I now longed for those things which would completely satisfy the deepest yearnings of my heart. Happily, at last I found that this complete satisfaction which I was so eager to obtain could be found in devoting one's life to winning souls to Christ."

It was shortly after this decision had been reached that Mr. Alexander heard of an evangelist named John Kittrell, a Quaker, who was sweeping through the Southern States like a whirlwind, and, in a strange and Providential manner, joined hands with him for three months as his singing associate. Mr. Kittrell had once been a blacksmith, and was quite uneducated, but was filled with the Holy Ghost, and great awakenings resulted wherever he went. Mr. Alexander declares he could talk for hours of the wonderful and striking scenes which occurred at his meetings. He was the Evan Roberts of the Southern States at that time, and under him Mr. Alexander learned that God often uses the humblest instruments to achieve mighty results. In view of Mr. Alexander's marriage with a member of one of the foremost Quaker families of England, it was a strange and significant fact that his first associate in religious work should have been a member of the same sect.

His brief association with this untutored evangelist made the young man more than ever

determined to devote his life entirely to Christian work, but he believed thoroughly in education, and wished to secure the best possible training for it. Hearing of the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, he soon gained sufficient funds to attend it for a brief period. Before going, however, he talked about the wonderful Christian training-school to all his friends, and such was the white-hot enthusiasm of the young man that he did not go alone, but took eight friends with him to Chicago to attend the school. Just here it may be remarked that before he left the Institute he had induced thirty-two people from the Southern States to attend it, and has since been the means of leading scores of others to undertake its course of study.

During his first few months at the Institute it was his privilege to have as a teacher the beloved evangelist and Bible student, the late Major Whittle, and he declares that he will never forget the invaluable lessons learned from this prince among men. Through Major Whittle, Mr. Alexander was led to deeper consecration than he had previously known. For years he had harboured a spirit of unforgiveness toward a friend who was hundreds of miles distant, but at last, after a stirring address by Major Whittle, in which the speaker said that if the young men were not getting answers to

their prayers, it was because they harboured sin in their hearts, Mr. Alexander went to his room, threw himself upon his knees, and cried to God for mercy. He cast out every whit of ill-feeling toward his friend, sat down and wrote him a letter, and in a few days they were reconciled.

It was as a result of this fuller consecration that Mr. Alexander obtained his first great answer to prayer for a material thing. He frankly told me the story of that event, for he had promised God that he would never be ashamed to relate the facts of the case if only God would answer his prayer at that time. He said:

"The incident occurred shortly after I was appointed choirmaster of the big Moody Sunday School. I had been accustomed to have money when I was in Maryville University, and to wearing good clothes, but I had not been sufficiently supplied for that Northern winter, and the suit I had began to look rather shabby. All this time I was wondering if God really heard definite prayers and definitely answered them. Different people in the Institute had told me of remarkable answers to prayer, and I would always ask whether they didn't think the thing would have happened anyway in the natural course of events. Every day my clothes were getting shabbier. Finally I went into my

room, locked the door, got out my Bible, and opened to Phil. iv. 19. I knelt down and talked to the Lord as if He had been my own father standing in front of me, and told Him how I had given my life to Him, that I was spending my time for Him, and that my clothes were so shabby that I was ashamed to stand in front of an audience; and asked if He would give me a suit of clothes, that I might glorify Him by looking decent. I rose from my knees as confident that I should get the suit of clothes as that I was in the room.

"The next afternoon I was sitting reading; my door stood open. A friend of mine passing by came in and said, 'Alexander, wouldn't you like to have a new suit of clothes?' I said, 'I certainly would.' 'Well,' he said, 'I have received a check from a wealthy man to-day, and I don't need all of it. If you will take half of it, or $20, I will be glad to go down to my tailor's with you, and give you a suit of clothes.' I immediately passed it right on up to the Lord, and thanked Him for it. I had promised the Lord when I was on my knees the previous day that if He would give me the clothes I would not be ashamed to say they had come direct from Him.

"The next day we started down to the tailor's. I had gladness in my heart, but there was more gladness in the consciousness that I

was in communion with God than that I was going to get a new suit of clothes. I prayed the Lord that He would help me to choose a good suit of clothes, and lead me to the right pattern. I was asking Him to take the lead in the least little detail of my everyday life as I had never done before. We went through the rolls of cloth, and, of course, my eye settled on the best roll in the lot. I enquired its price. The tailor said, 'A suit in that cloth would be $40.' I said, 'Then it's no use talking about that one.' We went along, and each piece of cloth seemed to be unsuitable, and finally the man turned to me and said, 'You liked that first piece better than any, didn't you?' I said, 'Yes.' 'Well,' he said, 'there was a man came in here and had a suit made of that cloth, but it didn't quite fit him, and he was not pleased with it. It is a new suit—never been worn. If it should fit you I will let you have it for $18.' We tried it on, and it fitted me exactly with the exception that the trousers had to be shortened a little; so I had $2 left for ties and collars. Thus I learned a lesson that I have never forgotten—that God answers prayer for temporal things as well as for things spiritual."

One of Mr. Alexander's most interesting experiences while attending the Moody Bible Institute was his acting as choirmaster of the great Moody Sunday School, which numbered

1800 scholars. When asked how he managed the throng of restless boys and girls, he said:

"A large number of the boys and girls who came to the Sunday School were of the poorer class, but I do not think I have ever dealt with keener minds anywhere. When I first undertook my work I found them restless and almost uncontrollable, and it was my duty to study methods that would interest them. It was there I found that a poor accompanist meant poor congregational singing. I secured a splendid pianist who would interest them from the first note he struck on the piano. The simple melodies became inspiring under his touch. I well remember the first day I had him play. I asked him to go up and begin without any introduction. He had not played more than five or six bars before that restless mass was transformed into a quiet, attentive audience.

"I was always trying to interest them in some new way in the songs they were to sing. If through the week I had heard some incident about any song I carefully remembered it and told it to them on the next Sunday. There I learned that a striking incident about a song gives it new and fresh interest in the minds of the audience. Sometimes, when the song-service would lag, I would ask some teacher away in the gallery to sing a verse alone, or would have

some young men's class sing it alone, and have the whole school take up the chorus. It was there also that I learned the effect of a little child's voice upon an audience, and it has been helpful to me all through our world-wide work. My work among the children was the best preparation I could have had for managing grown-up people. It taught me simplicity and accuracy in a way that I would never have learned otherwise. I found the children became tired of seeing the same song books Sunday after Sunday. Oftentimes I would have the song books put away out of sight and bright new hymn leaflets put in their place. These caught their attention and put new interest into the singing. I would use these leaflets for two or three Sundays, then put them away where they could not be seen, and use the song books again. They were just as glad to see their old friends the song books as they were the new leaflets."

Speaking of how he first met Dwight L. Moody, and of his work in connection with his great World's Fair campaign in Chicago, Mr. Alexander said: "It was one of the great privileges of my life to be connected with the Institute at the time of the World's Fair when Mr. Moody organised his great Gospel campaign. He lived in the same building with us for about four months, and we had an opportunity of seeing him in his private and public

life in a way that would have been impossible at any other time. The greatest Gospel singers in the world were there—Sankey, Stebbins, Towner, Burke, and many others. The training that I received by coming in contact with them and asking questions, and practising the different choirs, has been invaluable to me. Then to see Moody—we all dubbed him 'The General'—handling his forces, was an object lesson which has been before me all round the world in handling large crowds and knowing what to do with them at important times. Contact with him also taught me how to make the most of a good or bad situation. His directness, earnestness, and sympathy were great lessons. He would often get us all together for a confidential talk. He once noticed that many of the students were wearing long faces. I am quite sure I was one of them, for I had been studying that sentence in the New Testament where it says that every idle word shall be accounted for. I had usually been of a cheerful disposition, trying to cheer the fellow who was downhearted, but when I began to study that verse I thought I was wrong. I had been trying to get my face so that no smile would ever come upon it. In one of his sane morning talks Mr. Moody spoke about that verse. Looking up with such a bright happy look, he said, 'Young men, don't think that the teaching of

this verse means that you shall go round with a long face and never have a happy word for anybody. A cheerful word is not an idle one.' I have been able to pass this on to others, and it has been a help to them."

VII

FIRST EIGHT YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN SOUL-WINNING

ONE of the chief methods by which Mr. Alexander captivates a new audience, and secures their sympathy and love in a few moments is by his irradiating and far-famed smile. He has been aptly termed "the apostle of sunshine." However, Mr. Alexander did not always have the assistance of this smile in winning his audiences. At one time he thought that in conducting singing at a religious service it was necessary to put on a long face and a solemn and unnatural look, and to talk in artificial tones. One day, however, he was taught the folly of this by an incident which he now tells with keen enjoyment. He says, "I did not always look cheerful, and I owe the change to a few words of criticism spoken years ago by a friend who said, 'Why do you look as expressionless as a board when you are singing? If you would take a mirror and look in it while you sing, you would see what I mean.' I did so, and found he

was right. I had always thought that a long and expressionless face was only fitting and proper for a religious service, and that is the opinion of most people judging from the solemn faces which I see at religious meetings. But from that time I took my friend's advice, and tried to look as cheerful as I felt while singing and conducting. I believe that if a congregation looks dull and uninterested, it is largely the fault of the preacher or the soloist. We must look bright and cheerful, or our audiences will not, for our faces will be reflected in theirs. If you feel the love of God in your heart you ought to let it be shining out of your face. But a forced or unnatural cheerfulness is disgusting—naturalness is what we have to study, both on the platform and in the audience."

After completing his course in the Moody Bible Institute, Mr. Alexander was led in a remarkable manner, in direct answer to prayer, to become the singing associate of Rev. Milan B. Williams, a popular evangelist. He had often planned to go with different men in Christian work, and each time that he wanted to have his own way, and each time that he had ambitions which later events proved would not have been best for him, he had been unsuccessful in his quest. Finally, one day, about the first of September, when he felt that he should be at

work for his Master, he got on his knees at his bedside and stayed there until he had completely handed over his will to God. He told Him that he had made a failure of securing the proper work; that he would be perfectly willing to go where He wanted him to go, and with whomsoever He chose. About six days afterwards, a telegram came to the Institute from Mr. Williams, and Mr. Alexander responded. He went out to be with Mr. Williams for two weeks, but was led to remain with him for more than eight years!

It is strange, in view of Mr. Alexander's constant activity in personal work and his strenuous insistence upon every Christian being a soul-winner, that he once was content to merely lead the singing, and take no part in personal dealing in the after-meetings. In speaking of how he was led to see the importance of personal work he recently said to me: "For the first two years I was with Mr. Williams I only led the singing, and never conducted a meeting alone. All the time I was uneasy; I felt sure that it was my duty to deal personally with people. My friend Williams constantly urged me to do it, and said that I would find the greatest joy in this part of the service. About this time a young, bright-faced fellow by the name of Fred joined us as travelling companion. He had once been a ploughboy, and was converted

from an ungodly home. He had one of the greatest passions for souls I have ever seen in anyone. Personal dealing was his talk morning, noon, and night. I loved and admired him, and I found that the thing that was keeping me back from doing personal work was an unsurrendered will. There was one thing that I should have made straight before, but I had not done it. Fred's life was a constant rebuke to me. One day Mr. Williams' throat was sore, and he could not attend the morning meeting. He sent me down to take entire charge of it, and Fred came along to help me. It was a rainy morning, and few people were out, but there was not one person in that building, saved or unsaved, who did not have to speak at that service. I just walked down the aisle and took one row after another, and everyone had to say a few words. It was one of the best meetings I was ever in. From that I began to do personal work, and I am convinced more and more every day that that is the work for every man, woman, and child who is a believer in Christ. Fred had studied his Bible every spare moment in order to fit himself to meet the difficulties that came up in his personal dealing. In the five years he was with us he led twelve hundred people definitely to Christ. He wouldn't be in a new town or city half an hour before he had engaged some person in conversation and was

trying to lead him to Christ, and he did it in such a sane, healthy way that they were glad to be talked to about their soul's salvation."

Mr. Alexander went about with Mr. Williams holding missions in various cities in Iowa for about five years, during which time they conducted missions in thirty-six towns and cities. In a town with a population of 6,000 they had 800 conversions in four weeks. In another town a tent was specially erected for their meetings which seated 9,000 people. In some places special tabernacles were erected for the evangelists, and remarkable scenes were often witnessed as strong men broke down and cried out for mercy.

It was at this period, after Mr. Alexander had begun to do personal work, not only in the after-meetings, but on trains and street-cars, in stores and everywhere, that a simple incident occurred which led to most wonderful results. A man who was once a barber but who to-day has one of the largest and most successful rescue missions in the world, told at a large convention in Chicago how a few kindly words from Mr. Alexander had changed the entire course of his career. He said:

"One day when I was discouraged—I had no work and was anxious to get into some active work for the Lord—Charles Alexander came

along, and put his long, loving arm round my shoulders, the way he has of doing with a fellow, and said, 'I would like to have you go with me, but if we never get to work together, I am convinced that God is going to use you. I have been sure of it ever since I heard you speak in the Pacific Garden Mission one night.' My eyes filled with tears" continued the speaker, "and I turned away to keep him from seeing them. I went home and told my wife I was called into the evangelistic field. She said, 'Who called you?' I said, 'Charles Alexander, and he knows!' And, friends, I have not had a discouraging day or a poor meeting from that day to this."

It is an interesting fact that during the evangelistic campaign in Iowa at this time, Mr. Alexander was the means of starting Miss Grace Saxe in her work of conducting great Union Bible classes. Mr. Alexander had inaugurated a weekly Bible class in the residence of a banker in the city of Waterloo, Iowa, where he made his home between campaigns. It continued for two years, and finally led to such interest in the study of the Bible that a Union Bible class was formed, and Miss Grace Saxe was invited to come and take charge of it. Thereafter she followed the evangelists in a great many of the cities they visited, conducting similar classes; and continued this work in England with Dr.

Torrey and Mr. Alexander, having organised a great number of large and successful Bible classes in Birmingham (where the members numbered 4,500), in Bristol, Bath, Dublin, and other large cities of the United Kingdom. In addition to this she conducted for many months a school of Bible study in a prominent London religious weekly, and her fame as a Bible-teacher is now world-wide.

During the eight years Mr. Alexander went up and down America in company with Mr. Williams he sang to hundreds of thousands of people, and witnessed thousands of conversions. In many of the cities where they laboured local revivals sprang up, in which emotional scenes were witnessed, almost as intense and fervid as those which have taken place in Wales. Sometimes as many as 160 persons would be converted in one day in a small town. During these years he became a master in the art of forming large choirs, constructing platforms, and controlling audiences of all social degrees. A choir of 450 voices would sometimes be organised in a town of 6,000 inhabitants. The training of these years also taught him how to use all sorts of material, and to master almost any sort of situation that might suddenly arise, and to make the most of it. Eight years of hard work formed a training school which was unconsciously fitting him for a larger and

world-wide sphere of work. At this point, in a remarkable manner, and in direct answer to prayer, the whole course of his career was suddenly changed. Hurriedly he was called to go to Australia with Dr. Torrey, thus becoming the colabourer with the superintendent of The Bible Institute where he had formerly been a student.

In describing the influence which led to his taking up this new work, Mr. Alexander says: "I probably would have been with my friend Mr. Williams until this time, had he not decided to take a three months' vacation and travel in the Holy Land. I felt that I must be busy in the Lord's work during his absence. Dr. Torrey, hearing that I would have some time free, asked me to accompany him to Australia. He told me that he had no idea just to what extent the work would reach, but that he would like to have me accompany him. I had no desire to travel. I wanted simply to do the Lord's work. I talked with my friends and prayed about it, and a group of my especial friends, who usually prayed with me about any important turn in my work, told me that they had been praying for some time that God might lead me into a larger sphere, and advised me to go. Hence I concluded to go, and hurriedly arranged the details with Dr. Torrey by telephone although over six hundred miles apart. I went

South to Tennessee, and bade my mother, sister, and two brothers good-bye, and started alone on my long journey to Australia. I did not know a soul there, and it was a long, lonely ride as I went direct from San Francisco while Dr. Torrey sailed by way of Japan."

VIII

DR. TORREY AND MR. ALEXANDER EVANGELISE AUSTRALASIA

IT was in April, 1902, that Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander began their great work in Australasia which was destined to constitute the first stage of their round-the-world revival campaign. It began in Melbourne, where the movement was known as the Simultaneous Mission. It lasted a month. For the first two weeks meetings were held in fifty different centres by fifty different ministers and evangelists. From the first night a note of victory was sounded, and ere the mission ended the entire city was shaken by the power of God. In his opening address Dr. Torrey gave utterance to significant and prophetic words.

"I bring you," he said, "a message from the Book of Books,—'My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him.' I rejoice in the organisation; I rejoice in the amount of prayer that has been ascending for the past seven weeks—but I am not

looking to the organisation, nor to the fifty missioners, nor to the singers, nor to the four secretaries, nor even to the heroic chairman: I am looking to God. And, friends, God is going to hear. For three years, every Saturday night, and for part of that time every Tuesday night, several hundreds of people have been meeting together, and praying that God would send a world-wide revival. I believe that the world-wide revival has begun. We have heard to-night that the big revival was coming in Australia. It is coming to all the earth! I used to wish I had lived in the time of the Wesleys; in the time of Jonathan Edwards, and of Charles G. Finney; in the time of the great revivals of '57 in the United States, of '57-9 in Ireland; and of the '70's in Great Britain. I thank God that I live in the year 1902. Brethren, I say it from no confidence of my own, but because I believe I have heard the voice of God, that you and I are to see one of the mightiest movements in the history of the Church of Jesus Christ on earth. I know of some 5,000 people outside of Australia—men and women who know God—who are praying for the success of this Mission. And God Who has heard and answered their prayers before will answer them again!"

From the very first night the "Glory Song" ran like wildfire over the country. It was sung

in shops and factories, ground out from hand-organs, whistled on the streets, hummed in trains and trams, and became a universal favourite. The words and music were printed in a large number of publications, even in the Melbourne *Punch*. One writer declared the song had "set Australia on fire." Its unparalleled popularity was shown by an incident Mr. Alexander relates, which occurred at the close of the meetings.

He told it as follows:

"It seemed to me that everybody in Melbourne was singing the Glory Song. Brass bands played it, and it was sung and played in all sorts of places. The last day I was in Melbourne I had to rise very early to take a train to Warnambool at five o'clock in the morning. As I came out, the maid was scrubbing the floor of the hall outside my door, and softly crooning:

"'When by His grace I shall look on His face
That will be glory for me.'

"I went down to the hotel office, took the receiver off the telephone, wishing to telephone a friend across the city, and as I placed it to my ear, I heard the girl at the telephone exchange singing,

"'Oh, that will be glory for me!'

"I got on the train and started on my journey. As we passed through Terang, a man and his wife whom I had met at the Melbourne mission came down to the station to meet us, and we had a few words together. The lady said, 'Mr. Alexander, I am sure you will be glad to know anything about the "Glory Song." I learned it at the Mission in Melbourne, and have been over to-day to talk to to a friend on a dying bed. I was telling her about the mission and about the "Glory Song," and she asked me to sing her a verse. I sang one verse and she said, "Oh, that is so glorious—please sing another!" I sang another, and then sang the chorus, and while I was singing, "When by His grace I shall look on His face" she passed to see the King in His beauty.'"

In reply to my question concerning the origin of his hymn book, and as to how the Glory Song achieved its unparalleled popularity, Mr. Alexander said: "I had determined that I would introduce the Glory Song, for I was so in love with it I wanted it to be *the* song of the Mission. I had a large number of copies printed on leaflets for the opening night of the Simultaneous Mission, of which I had been elected Musical Superintendent, I made the statement to the workers that the Glory Song was to be *the* mission hymn. The chairman was so taken

with it that he had it a second time later on in the service.

During the last two weeks of the Simultaneous Mission the meetings at night were concentrated in the great Exhibition Building seating 8,000 people. Enormous crowds, numbering sometimes 15,000 people, would gather at the famous building, and it was with difficulty that the police restrained them from crushing one another when the great doors were opened. A writer in a secular paper described the spectacle of the great throng as follows: "Very remarkable was the service of the Simultaneous Mission in the Exhibition Hall on Sunday evening. Walking to it through the gardens, the illuminated palace, with its electric light on top of the dome shimmering down over the bulge, appeared more significant than ever. And yet we have surveyed it when the Australian nation was being launched inside. No secular ceremonial, however tremendous, even the coronation of King Edward at Westminster Abbey, can seize the heart-strings, grapple with the soul, like the spontaneous rush of 15,000 people drawn by the Word of God."

In addition, however, to the enormous mass meetings at night, two, and sometimes three, meetings for business men and for women were held each afternoon in the Melbourne Town Hall, which seats 3,000 people, and was packed

at each service. During the closing two weeks of the Mission, Mr. W. E. Geil, an American evangelist, who was then in Australia, took a prominent part in the campaign, alternating with Dr. Torrey in addressing the great multitudes.

Ere the campaign closed the names of eight thousand six hundred converts were recorded, and the news of the wonderful awakening which had come about in answer to the prayers of God's people stirred all Christendom. The revival flame spread rapidly from Melbourne over other parts of Australasia, and Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander had calls to conduct missions in the chief cities of Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. For six months they went up and down the Commonwealth with ceaseless energy conducting campaigns of a few days or a few weeks in the largest cities.

Everywhere enormous throngs gathered to hear them. No building could be found large enough to contain the multitudes that assembled, so that separate meetings had to be held for men and for women. Thousands of converts were recorded. Among some of the Australian towns where they conducted campaigns may be mentioned Sydney, Ballarat, Warnambool, Maryborough, and Bendigo. In the latter town Mr. Alexander met and led to Christ Mr. Robert Harkness, a brilliant young

musical genius, who became his pianist, and has since accompanied the evangelists throughout their world-wide tour.

In response to my request for a few of the most striking incidents which occurred during their journey throughout Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, Mr. Alexander said:

"Everywhere the Glory Song preceded us. Our reception by the warm-hearted people was enthusiastic in the extreme. In Ballarat Dr. Torrey denounced dancing so strongly that a storm of opposition was raised. As a result he was invited by a dancing club to visit one of their dances and see if there was anything objectionable in it. They did not think he would come, but he went, watched them for a few moments, and the dancers quickly stopped in confusion. Dr. Torrey then preached them a sermon which broke up the dance, and the club went to pieces soon after, only one more dance being held after that night. This caused a stir throughout Australia on the dancing question.

"In connection with the Sydney campaign, two very interesting incidents stand out clearly in my memory. One of the biggest, finest-looking Salvation Army men I ever saw was a Sydney man by the name of Miller. I always enjoyed seeing him come into our meetings. He would often speak in the open air on the out-

side, for the building never was large enough for the crowds. We had two brass bands—one on the inside and the other on the outside—to accompany the people in singing Gospel hymns. One after another, preachers and Salvation Army men, would address the outside audience. One night this big Salvationist got up, and in his talk to the people said: 'Before I gave my heart to God I weighed ten stone; I had poor health, and had no peace in my soul. But since I gave my heart to God I have fattened up, and I have had peace in my heart and health in my body, and now I weigh nineteen stone, *and every pound saved, praise the Lord!*'

"One night while the open-air meeting was going on and the brass band was playing, people were going into the big Town Hall. A poor Finnish girl walking the streets saw the people going in, and thought it was a concert hall. She went in and sat down. She could not understand much English. We were singing 'There's not a Friend like the lowly Jesus.' When we came to the chorus she could understand the first line:

"'Jesus knows all about our struggles';

She could not appreciate the second line:

"'He will guide till the day is done';

But she understood the last words:

"'There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,
No not one; No not one.'

And it began to dawn upon her that Jesus was the Friend of sinners. Over and over again the chorus rang out, 'There's not a Friend like the lowly Jesus' and it sank deeply into her soul. This girl had run away from a nice home in Finland, had landed in Sydney, but was unable to speak a word of English. The first day she had walked about trying to find a place, and at night had walked up to the door of a residence and rung the bell to see if anyone could help her. It so happened that the owner of the house could speak a language she understood, and he gave her shelter and got her a position.

"But little by little, without restraint of home life, her companions led her into sin, and this night found her one of the poor outcasts of the city. A worker happened to come to her during the service, and told her the story of Jesus and His love, and how she could have Him in her heart. She accepted Him. I saw her that night, and succeeding nights. A kind woman secured her another position, and the change that came into her face was one of the most remarkable I have ever seen. It had the peace and sweetness of Heaven in it. Night by

night she would go out and find her old female companions in sin, bring them to the workers, and ask them in her broken language to tell them the story of Jesus. In this way she had the joy of leading many of her former associates to Christ.

"We went to Tasmania for two campaigns, —Launceston and Hobart. They call the island 'Little England.' In climate and appearance it is very much like England. Crowds taxed the largest buildings we could secure, and, as everywhere, people were just eager to hear the Gospel. I remember one night, after the after-meeting was over, Dr. Torrey called on me to sing a solo—a thing he did not usually do, as I had already sung once that evening, but the people didn't seem to want to go home. I caught up my song book and sang 'Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?' A poor drunken fellow had just stepped in through the far door, 150 feet away from me. He could scarcely stand up. He had heard nothing of the sermon, but just caught the strain of:

"'Go for my wandering boy to-night,
Go search for him where you will;
And bring him to me with all his blight,
And tell him I love him still.'

He said, 'That's for me,' started down the

aisle, and came to the front with a worker, and gave his heart to God.

"One night, in the same building, the champion heavy-weight pugilist of Tasmania, Jim Burke, and a member of the Tasmania Parliament, confessed Christ at the same time. In a letter to a friend some time after his conversion Mr. Burke wrote: 'I have won the biggest fight I ever had. I have in my time won many great victories, but the greatest victory I ever won was when I beat the devil.'"

The work of Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander in New Zealand was, if anything, more successful than the campaigns in Australia and Tasmania. Their tour throughout the country was in the nature of a triumphal progress from one city to another. The fame of their work had preceded them, and they were everywhere welcomed with open arms. Describing some of their experiences, Mr. Alexander said:

"Before leaving Melbourne we had received a warm welcome by wire from the Mayor of Wellington, New Zealand, inviting us to hold a campaign there. We spent thirty days in New Zealand, and it constituted some of the most profitable work I think we have ever done—the power of God was with us from the first day to the last. People came from long distances to attend our meetings. They carried the fire out into the country districts and into the

country churches. The songs became popular immediately, and helped the revival to spread. Although we could only conduct crusades in three of the largest cities of the country, the smaller towns would telegraph ahead of us, begging us to conduct brief open-air services at the stations during the few moments that the train stopped. We told them that if they would secure a piano on a lorry, and have it handy where we could step out from the train, we would sing a verse and Dr. Torrey would speak a few words to them. I remember in one trip we had seven of these meetings between cities. At one place a crowd of two thousand persons had assembled at the station. One man came a hundred miles to be present at one of those ten-minute services. We had thousands of hymn-sheets ready which we would throw out over the audience broadcast. The pianist, Mr. Harkness, would be ready just as the train slowed up, jump up to the piano, strike the first chords, and the people would gather round the piano. Then I would mount the platform and sing a verse, and by this time Dr. Torrey would be ready, and make some telling points. It warmed one's heart to see the eagerness with which they drank in every word of song and sermon.

"One day we noticed while travelling between Christchurch and Dunedin that we were

permitted to stop longer at the stations than the schedule allowed. This surprised us at first, until one of the train men gave us the secret of it, saying that the engine-driver on the train was a Christian man, and was making up time between the stations in order that we might have more time to speak and sing. I wrote in one of my song books—'To the engine-driver, with my love. Charles M. Alexander,' and sent it down to him. The next Sunday afternoon at the men's meeting a big, grimy fellow came up and looked me full in the face—he didn't say a word, but just held up his book, open at the fly-leaf. I knew who he was, and had a chance of thanking him and shaking his hand."

The report of the wonderful work of the American evangelists in the three countries of the Southern Hemisphere had spread throughout Christendom, and before their campaign was concluded they had received urgent invitations to conduct revival campaigns in England. Having, however, a desire to preach the Gospel in India on their way, they sailed for Ceylon.

On reaching India the evangelists spent about six weeks conducting campaigns in Madura, Madras, Calcutta, Bombay, and Benares. Wherever they went they were received with open arms by the missionaries and native

Christians, and their crusade resulted in the conversion of hundreds of men, women, and children. Especially to the missionaries their visit brought new life and new encouragement. The evangelists' faith in God, their remarkable answers to prayer, and the reports of their wonderful revival campaigns in Australasia stimulated every missionary to fresh enthusiasm in soul-winning. Mr. Alexander took with him a thousand hymn books to use in their meetings during their Indian tour, and was accompanied by his pianist, Mr. Harkness. It was an inspiration to see how the natives of India caught up the melodies of the new Gospel songs. In speaking of their audiences, Mr. Alexander said:

"To see the Mohammedans and the Parsees, the Hindus and the Buddhists sitting in our meetings, each one with his red hymn book and joining in the Gospel songs, was a beautiful sight. It was difficult to make them sing sometimes, but it was well worth the effort. The missionaries welcomed the new songs and the inspiring accompaniments of Mr. Harkness which carried gladness into many a home and mission-house. I distributed hundreds of the song books to missionaries at out-of-the-way stations, and now the songs of praise rise from thousands of dusky-faced converts throughout the Empire. At one orphanage I

visited they had the children lined up in rows, and gave me a surprise by having them all sing the 'Sunbeam Song.' Less than a year before these children had been rescued from starvation in a famine district, and had learned the song from an Australian paper which had found its way to India. Wherever we went throughout India we found the 'Glory Song' had preceded us."

The work in India was not without its hardships and its trying experiences, but the evangelists gladly endured it all for the sake of proclaiming the Gospel to the natives. Probably the most permanent and glorious result of their visit to India followed Dr. Torrey's addresses before the Decennial Missionary Convention at Madras. Mr. Alexander and Mr. Harkness had gone on in advance to England and Dr. Torrey returned to Madras for this great gathering. The Convention was composed of about four hundred missionaries, and for four days Dr. Torrey addressed them, giving them new faith in God, and a new vision of the power of a fully-surrendered and spirit-filled life. Only eternity will reveal the far-reaching effects of Dr. Torrey's addresses at that memorable convention. At the same time he held meetings for natives in a great hall with many conversions. He still receives letters from native workers from different parts of

India whose lives were transformed at these meetings.

The names of about 20,000 converts had now been recorded since the evangelists began their memorable mission in Melbourne less than a year before.

IX

THE FIRST YEAR IN GREAT BRITAIN

UPON reaching London, a great welcome meeting was held in Exeter Hall which had been arranged by cablegram while the evangelists were still in Bombay. It was a memorable gathering. Mr. T. A. Denny presided. Among those present were Lord Kinnaird, Lord Radstock, Prebendary Webb-Peploe, Dr. J. Munro Gibson, Dr. Barnardo, Rev. S. F. Webster, Dr. Harry Guinness, Dr. A. T. Pierson, Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, Rev. F. B. Meyer, Rev. Thomas Champness, Mr. Eugene Stock, Mr. R. C. Morgan, and many other well-known religious leaders. In his address of welcome Lord Kinnaird said:

"We have been looking forward to your presence. We have heard what you have been doing in Australia and in other parts of the world, and we pray our Heavenly Father that through you there may be such an outpouring of the Holy Spirit as we have not seen for years. We will follow you with our prayers and look forward to the hour when you will be back in

London. Most heartily do we welcome you this evening."

Following the welcome meeting, the evangelists spent three weeks in Mildmay Conference Hall, North London, stirring up church members to fresh zeal in soul-winning, and witnessing large numbers of conversions. At the close of their work there—which was a prophecy of the great and glorious work they were later to accomplish in London—they received a cordial invitation to visit Edinburg for a four-weeks' campaign. Their meetings were held in Synod Hall, which proved too small to accommodate the thousands who pressed to hear the evangelists.

This was the beginning of a revival campaign conducted by Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander throughout the provincial cities of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales which was without a precedent since the great work of Moody and Sankey in 1873-5. Wherever they went—to Glasgow, Edinburg, Aberdeen, and Dundee in Scotland, to Dublin and Belfast in Ireland, to Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham in England—the largest halls were unable to accommodate the thousands who daily thronged to hear the men who came to be known throughout Great Britain as the successors of Moody and Sankey. During their three-years' campaign, nearly 75,000 people were led to

make a confession of their faith in Jesus Christ as their Saviour, Lord, and King.

The success of the evangelists' work was due to their faith in God, their dependence upon the Holy Spirit for results, their zeal in personal soul-winning, and last but not least to the organisation of thousands of "prayer circles" throughout the United Kingdom to implore God for a world-wide spiritual awakening, and to pray for the work of Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander. In a previous chapter the story of how these prayer-circles originated was recorded.

When asked to relate some narratives of striking conversions which had occurred during their early work in Great Britain, Mr. Alexander kindly consented, and gave me the following stories of remarkable transformations through the power of the Gospel:

"During our campaign in Glasgow Dr. Torrey received the following letter from a man who for twenty years had been a confirmed drunkard: 'I cannot let you leave Glasgow without thanking you for being the means of my conversion. I have attended twenty-nine of your meetings. Drink was my great sin, and every day I was sinking lower and lower. My wife left me about a fortnight before I was saved, with these words—"You will never stop drinking; there is no hope for you!" Now I

don't think even you who have seen such wonderful things would believe that a man could be changed from a hopeless good-for-nothing to an earnest worker for Christ in so short a time. I am sometimes afraid the joy of living like this is too good to last; but as I trust in the Lord I have no fear, for He will take care of me. The strange thing is that, from the moment I was saved, I have never felt the least desire to take a drink. I could never have given it up myself, for I have tried hard for twenty years to do so. After I accepted Christ *the drink gave me up!* It shows the wonderful power of the Blood. Not long ago I was wishing I was dead. Now I wish to live that I may be able to do a little good to others. If God spares me, I will try with His help to redeem a part of my wasted life.'

"A young lady attended our meetings in St. Andrews Hall, Glasgow, who had been assisting her elder sister with her business. For years she had received nothing but her expenses for her work. She felt that she should receive more than that, and had systematically slipped a certain amount from the till each week, and put it in the bank, until she had stolen $650. The Spirit of God touched her one night in our meeting, and revealed her sinful heart. She accepted Christ, went home and handed her bank-book to her sister, telling her

that the amount in the bank had been stolen from the business, and asked her forgiveness, which was immediately given. The sister, who had been cold in the Lord's service, was led to deep consecration through the act; it touched the entire community, and many others were led to Christ through this restitution.

"While we were in Belfast Dr. Harry Guinness assisted us with the overflow meetings. We had two large churches, which were packed full night after night, until at last we had to take St. George's Market, which held 7,000 people. There we saw some wonderful displays of God's power. I remember one broad-faced Irishman, called 'Billy,' who was very earnest in dealing with drunkards who came to the front. He had been converted in gaol one day when Sankey was singing 'Hold the Fort.' The words came across from another building to the open window of his cell, and he was led to Christ through them. I well recollect our last meeting in Belfast when about five hundred people came to Christ. Dr. Torrey was appealing for those to come forward who would accept Jesus Christ, and 'Billy' was down at the front dealing with some man. In the midst of the invitation he jumped up, turned to the audience, and shouted, 'Why don't ye come to Jesus? Pwhat har-r-rm's He ever done ye?' Later in the meeting, when

about to close, Dr. Torrey made the statement as he addressed the new converts that never in his life had he felt so reluctant to leave a city as he felt to leave Belfast. Billy jumped up again and cried, 'Nobody's a-chasin' ye away!'

"As we took the steamer on our last day in Belfast, the street was packed solid with people right across in front of the quay. The Salvation Army brass band led the music, and using a large box for a platform, I conducted the whole street full of people in singing song after song. Dr. Torrey said a few words and then made an appeal for converts right in the street. Some labouring men coming home all grimy from their work, with their buckets on their arms, accepted his invitation and publicly confessed Christ.

"Our choir was by the ship's side, and as we left the dock they sang 'God be with you till we meet again,' while I directed them from the upper deck with a handkerchief. For three quarters of a mile up the docks people were strung along in great numbers, waving and singing 'Never Lose Sight of Jesus.' The people on board said they had never seen such a beautiful sight as those thousands of people gathered on the shore bidding us good-bye with Gospel song. The captain sent a man to us asking if he should blow the whistle. We said,

'Yes,' so while the handkerchiefs were waving and the people were singing, the whistle began to blow, and that was our affectionate 'Good-bye' to Belfast."

At the conclusion of their work in Ireland Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander made a flying visit to America during July and August, 1903, where they addressed numerous conventions and religious conferences and stirred up the people with their glorious reports of the revival campaigns in Australia and Great Britain.

The most notable meeting held during their stay in America was the great Welcome Meeting in the Auditorium in Chicago, their home city, where the Bible Institute is located, of which Dr. Torrey is Superintendent, and which Mr. Alexander had attended as a student. The scenes enacted at that memorable meeting were impressive and long to be remembered. Although the service was timed to commence at eight o'clock, long before that hour thousands of people stood four deep in the street waiting for the doors to be opened. It is estimated that ten thousand people endeavoured to gain admission to the huge building.

One of the leading lawyers of Chicago, Hon. Luther Laflin Mills, presided, and in his address of welcome said: "Dr. Torrey has returned to us a conquering hero, home from

that holiest of wars, the battle for the redemption and uplifting of men's souls. He has been recognised in every civilised land, and in China, Japan, India, and Hawaii, for his work and his worth as the real successor of Moody, and as such we give him welcome. With him comes Charles M. Alexander, the sweet singer, whose music has set half a world to singing, and the echoes of which still linger to-day in the hearts and memories of many peoples in many lands."

In the course of his address to the great audience Dr. Torrey reaffirmed with no uncertain sound the old evangelical doctrines which were still the power of God unto the salvation of tens of thousands: "You, who think we need a new Bible, something better than the Bible, an expurgated Bible, take heed to our experience. Eighteen months of preaching its Gospel, thirty thousand men and women won to Christ, proves that the Bible, the old Bible, is what the world needs, what the twentieth century needs, what the Chinese, the Japanese, and the Hindus need, what Europe and America need, what Chicago needs. A wave of Christianity has set in. People are anxious to hear the old-fashioned religion of the Bible. I preach four great truths. I preach the whole Bible from cover to cover. I accept everything; except nothing. I preach the power of the Blood of Jesus Christ to save—the doctrine

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of the Atonement. I preach the personality of the Holy Spirit. I preach the power of prayer."

In his conduct of the musical part of the program Mr. Alexander quickly captivated the great American audience as he had done similar audiences in Australia, India, and the United Kingdom, and soon they were singing his revival melodies as only Americans can sing when aroused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. The meeting was especially noticeable by reason of one woman who sat in a box that night. She was a little, sweet-faced lady who had come all the way from Tennessee to hear her son sing before the great audience gathered in the Auditorium. It was the first time she had seen him in so large a gathering, and the tears glistened in her fond eyes as the roars of applause broke once and again over her boy's head. She was Mrs. Alexander, and her son was the sweet-voiced baritone who had girdled the globe with Gospel song.

X

THE SECOND YEAR IN GREAT BRITAIN

IN September, 1903, the evangelists returned to England and began a four-weeks' campaign in Liverpool, which proved to be most successful, about 5,000 converts being recorded as the result of their brief mission. Such crowds flocked to Philharmonic Hall, where the meetings were held, that it was necessary towards the close of the series to hold double meetings each night, the first being for women, and the second for men. While the first service was in progress thousands would be clamouring at the door for admittance. People would stand for an hour, four deep, all along the sides of the building in the rain, waiting for an entrance, and as they waited they sang Mr. Alexander's revival hymns. Mr. Alexander told me a characteristic incident which occurred one day among those waiting for admission.

"One night," said he, "after the notice was put up 'Hall Full,' great crowds still hung around the doors. Mr. Armstrong, a city missionary, went out and said to the crowd, 'The Hall is full; why don't you go home?' One lady

standing near him said, 'Please, sir, we are waiting for somebody to faint.' He said, 'Surely you don't want anyone to faint, do you?' 'No she said, 'but they do faint in there sometimes, and I am waiting until somebody does, so that I can get their seat.' Her earnestness excited his curiosity, and he enquired if she was a Christian. She replied she was not. 'Well,' said he, 'I can probably get you in at the back door.' He succeeded, and she listened to the sermon. In the after-meeting he noticed that that woman was one of the first to come down to the front seats and publicly confess her acceptance of Christ.

"Our last Sunday in Philharmonic Hall was one of the most memorable days that I have ever seen in our work,' continued Mr. Alexander. "We were to have a women's meeting in the afternoon, and a men's meeting at night. I had been praying earnestly before going to the women's meeting in the afternoon that God would lead me to the very song that would melt the hearts of the people and lead them to Christ. I was very much in doubt during the first part of the song-service what song to use. At last I threw the meeting open, and asked anyone to suggest a song that had helped them. A lady immediately mentioned No. 13, 'Tell Mother I'll Be There.' Directly she announced it I felt that that was the song we needed. We

began singing it, and it took a wonderful hold upon the audience. I felt the Lord was there, and at the close of his sermon, when Dr. Torrey gave out the invitation two hundred and ten women came down to the front and publicly confessed Christ. I said to the women, 'I have a curiosity to know how many of you were led to Christ by the singing of "Tell Mother I'll Be There." Will those who were please rise.' And thirty-three women out of the two hundred and ten stood up.

"When it came to the men's meeting at night, we had a choir of five hundred men. I believe every one of them was an earnest Christian. After we had sung a little I told the audience what had happened in the afternoon, and said that we ought to have three times as many men yielding themselves to God during the singing of the hymn. I then turned to the choir and said, 'Men, pray every word you sing!' They sang it together, and you felt that their hearts were behind it. You could feel that the hearts of the men in the audience were melting like wax. During the song I made a call for those who would accept Christ and confess Him publicly before the audience to stand up then and there. They started to stand up; we would sing another verse, and they would begin to rise again. Presently I called up a little curly-headed boy and stood him up

on the stand beside me, and he sang a verse which seemed to move the men more deeply than ever. When the song ended one hundred and sixty men had risen and publicly professed their acceptance of Christ. Spontaneously the audience rose and sang 'Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow.' Then Dr. Torrey preached and repeated the invitation, and four hundred and fifty men, including the hundred and sixty who had stood up before the sermon, publicly acknowledged that they had taken Jesus as their Saviour, their Lord, and their King. An American consul sitting on the platform near me said that he did not know God was working in that way in these days, and that it was the most wonderful sight he had ever seen."

Not only in Liverpool, but all throughout England this touching hymn has been used in the conversion of many men and women. Mr. Alexander relates an interesting incident which occurred during their campaign in Dundee. "One night, just as I was ready to retire in my hotel in Dundee," he says, "a porter came up to me and said that a gentleman wanted to see me in the coffee room. I tried to make an excuse, but the porter said that the man insisted that he must see me. I went down and found a fine, big Scotch farmer sobbing like a child. I said, 'What can I do for you? Are you

a Christian man?' He said, 'I wasn't a Christian man till to-night, but I am now. I listened to Dr. Torrey's sermon, and withstood that and his appeal to come to Christ; but I was standing during the singing in the after-meeting when the choir struck up the song "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?" I thought of my good old father who had gone to heaven three years before, and it touched my heart. Then at the close of the verse the choir sang "Tell Mother I'll Be There." My dear old mother had gone to heaven a little while before, and the memory of the home life and of their sweet Christian lives was too much for me. I gave my heart to God, and felt that I couldn't go home to-night until I had told you.' He said he was going back home to start family prayers and live a consecrated Christian life. Such experiences as this," says Mr. Alexander, "give one a fresh and never-tiring interest in the work of soul-winning."

During the campaign in Manchester a gentleman wrote Mr. Alexander telling him how two of his songs had brought great blessing into his life; his letter ran as follows:

"I came to hear you last Monday night. I told my wife I was going, and she was praying for me all the time. When the hymn 'My Mother's Prayer' was sung it brought to my memory the time when my saintly mother

passed away and when at her bedside I knelt and promised to meet her in heaven. This hymn broke me down, but when the audience began to sing 'I Surrender All' I could not sing it. I could not surrender all, and so left the meeting; but the idea of a complete surrender still remained in my mind. I was afraid that if I surrendered all I would have to give up card-playing and theatre-going. I felt that I could not give up those things. On Sunday night I began to read the family Bible, and after perusing a chapter or two, I sank on my knees, and with my wife at my side, surrendered my all to Jesus. Praise the Lord I can now say, 'I surrender all.' I am taking Him at His word that He is able to keep me."

For a month the evangelists held a campaign in Dublin, in the Metropolitan Hall, during which about three thousand persons publicly accepted Christ. In recalling the work in this city, two touching incidents are related:

"One night while the audience was singing 'Where is My Wandering Boy To-night' a bright young business man from Glasgow who was in Dublin on business was among the audience, and was deeply touched. Dr. Torrey's straight dealing impressed him so much that he turned to a man sitting at his side, and said, 'That man talks religion the way I sell goods. I am coming again to hear him to-morrow

night.' He came again the next night with another man, and came out boldly for Christ. He wrote immediately to his old mother in Scotland, and received in reply one of the most beautiful letters I have ever seen in my life. He had written to her to send on his Bible, as he had been converted. Many times before when he would start off on a trip she had placed a small Bible in his bag, but he would hunt it out and leave it behind. The last time he had left home his mother had said, 'I won't put the Bible in this time, but if you want it, write and let me know, and I will send it on.' His dear old father was filled with rejoicing at the great news they had just received. Later the young man went to Chicago to attend the Moody Bible Institute to fit himself better for Christian work.

"We have always endeavoured in our meetings to get every Christian consecrated, every consecrated person a worker, and every worker trained to work anywhere and everywhere with anybody at any time or at all times. After a noonday meeting in Dublin, a lady went to a well-known restaurant to have lunch. She had her red hymn book with her, and laid it down beside her on the table. Another lady sitting close by observed the book, and entered into conversation with her. She said she was not a Christian, but would like to meet somebody who

would explain to her the Way of Life. The lady lovingly and plainly showed her the way, with the result that before she left the restaurant the anxious one had definitely accepted Christ. A day or two later the Christian lady went into the same restaurant, and chanced to lay her hymn book again upon the table. A strange lady introduced herself, asking whether she was not the same woman who had led a friend of hers to Christ in the same restaurant. She said, 'You told my friend the Way of Life. Can you tell me?' Gladly she pointed the enquirer to Christ, and soon had the satisfaction and joy of knowing that she had led another soul to Jesus."

The results of the campaigns conducted by the evangelists are felt on the high seas as well as upon the land. A member of the Torrey-Alexander party was returning from Dublin to Liverpool by the steamer "Cork." On being shown to his cabin he was met by the steward, who recognised him as one of the staff, and gave him a cordial welcome. "I am a Christian, also," said the steward, "and you are now travelling on a Christian ship." The gentleman enquired what was meant, and the steward explained that he himself had been converted at one of the Torrey-Alexander meetings in Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool, the previous September. Another steward had been

led to Christ during their crusade in Dublin, where one or two firemen had also found Jesus; and now so many of the crew had become Christians that the "Cork" was known amongst seamen as the "Christian ship."

At the famous seaside resort of Brighton the evangelists conducted a most successful campaign in The Dome, The Pavilion, The Corn Exchange, and Hove Town Hall. Among the many beautiful incidents which occurred there, the following should be an inspiration to every Christian to improve every opportunity of winning souls to Christ:

"As I was leaving Hove Town Hall at the close of an afternoon meeting, I stopped near the door, and a lady came and asked to shake hands with me. She said her mother had written to her telling her to come to our meetings, and to be sure to speak with Mr. Alexander. I was just about to say some commonplace words and bid her good-bye when the thought came to me to enquire if she were a Christian. I found she was not. I pressed upon her the claims of Christ, but she would not accept them. I was on the point of leaving, when she said, turning to a girl of about sixteen near by, 'This is my daughter.' After shaking hands with her I said, 'Are you a Christian?' She replied, 'No, I am not.' I urged upon her the necessity of accepting Christ, and she yielded.

All this time her mother had been standing at her side, and when the daughter yielded I turned to the mother and said, 'Surely you don't want to be out of Christ when your daughter is a Christian?' She could not stand that, and she too came to a decision for Jesus. It was a beautiful sight to see the mother and daughter go out with the sunshine of God's love and peace in their faces."

One of the most glorious results of the revival campaigns conducted by the evangelists is their effect upon the spiritual life not only of the laymen but of the ministers and clergymen. In nearly every great city they have visited since beginning their tour of the world Dr. Torrey has been invited to address a meeting for the ministers and clergymen of the neighbourhood, and after each meeting the ministers have testified to the great blessings they have received from it. In many cases clergymen of advanced age were led to give up habits which they at last recognised were injurious to their influence.

Dr. Torrey addressed a meeting for clergymen and ministers one day in Brighton, and at the close a luncheon was served to several hundred, and among those present were several members of the revival committee. Volunteer testimonies were requested from anyone present who had received a blessing from Dr. Torrey's

talk. One of the members of the committee rose and said, "Several years ago my little boy asked me the question—'Father, do you think Christians ought to smoke?' I was a professing Christian at that time, and a smoker, but I could not answer the lad's question. I had to put him off with an evasive reply. This morning I have listened to Dr. Torrey, and he has convinced me that, if only for the sake of my influence, I should give up smoking. When I go home to-night I will have a hard job on hand, for I will have to take my box of cigars and destroy them, but by God's help I intend to do it." Later he said, "I have had a great blessing ever since, and a greater freedom in personal work than I have ever had before."

XI

WONDERFUL ANSWERS TO PRAYER AT BIRMINGHAM

THE revival campaign in Birmingham during the month of January, 1904, was probably the most successful held anywhere in Great Britain. In that brief period nearly eight thousand men, women, and children rose in their meetings and publicly professed to accept Christ as their Saviour, Lord, and King. The meetings were held in Bingley Hall, one of the finest auditoriums in England. It seats 8,000 people, with standing room for 2,000 more, and is so perfect in its acoustic properties that Mr. Moody declared after holding a series of meetings in it that he wished he could carry it about with him wherever he went. From the first the meetings were wonderfully successful, the crowds coming in such throngs that the streets were full of people, and it was necessary to call the mounted police in order to prevent accidents.

Months after they had left Bingley Hall Dr.

Torrey in one of his addresses spoke in glowing terms of the great awakening there, terming it the best work they had witnessed in Great Britain. He said: "In Birmingham I believe that 7,700 people professed to be converted in about thirty days. Why? The very first night in Birmingham I had scarcely given out the invitation when Bingley Hall was a beehive. Hundreds of Christians turned around and spoke to others; they went out on the streets and got them in. Oftentimes the great hall wouldn't hold the people that assembled in long queues down the streets. The buses were turned into enquiry rooms; the tramcars were scenes of saving power; many people were button-holed on the streets. I was walking up the principal street in Birmingham one day, when a bus came along, and suddenly I saw the conductor jump off the back of it and run for me. He said, 'I want to shake hands with you; I am saved, and what is more I am getting them saved on my bus.' I looked it up, and found that trip after trip that man would go round collecting his fares, and every time he got an opportunity he would speak to people about their souls. Many a man was saved on top of a bus; they were saved everywhere. Hundreds of people who, I suppose, never got inside the hall were saved. Why? The people were working on the Apostolic pattern—upon the

plan of God's Model Revival laid down in Acts ii.—everyone filled with the Holy Ghost, and everyone going to work!"

Although the meetings were so remarkably successful, yet they were commenced under greater physical disadvantages as regards the evangelists than any other series of meetings in England. Mr. Alexander had hardly recovered from an illness, while Dr. Torrey was still suffering from a cold contracted several weeks before. Dr. Torrey's indisposition was so serious that it was feared he would be unable to continue the meetings. As usual, however, the crisis was met and conquered by prayer. In answer to my enquiry, Mr. Alexander told the remarkable narrative of how God heard and answered prayer for the recovery of Dr. Torrey:

"I had never seen Dr. Torrey appear so physically weak as during those first days at Birmingham," declared Mr. Alexander. "His voice seemed to be getting weaker each day, and the cold which he had contracted was still hanging on. He had hoped that his Christmas vacation trip to Germany would cure him, but he had not found the relief expected. One Saturday afternoon as we began the meeting it seemed to me that his voice would fail entirely before he reached the end of his sermon. On leaving the hall I took a cab and went as fast

IN BINGLEY HALL, ~~MANCHESTER~~, Birmingham
Seating 10,000. Crowded daily.

as I could to the nearest telegraph office, and sent to the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago the following cablegram: '*Pray for Torrey's voice and health.*' I knew that this cablegram would probably reach them before their Saturday night prayer-meeting, which still meets regularly ever since Dr. Torrey and his friends started it—for Chicago time is six hours later than London time. It reached them long before the meeting, and they spent much time in earnest prayer for the recovery of his voice and his health.

"The next morning when I came down to the early morning service with him he looked brighter, and his voice had a hearty ring in it. I asked him how he felt, and he replied, 'Last night was the first night I have been able to sleep in three weeks.' From that morning there was a striking improvement, both in his appearance and in the ring of his voice. He was able to preach to three large audiences nearly every day throughout the month. A great note of praise was in my heart for this answer to prayer, which was one more striking proof that God hears and answers prayer."

Among the hundreds of striking incidents connected with the great awakening in Birmingham, one of the most remarkable was the conversion of an entire football team. One Thursday night thirteen members of the club

attended a meeting in Bingley Hall, and three of their number stood up and publicly accepted Christ. So eager were they to win others to their new-found Saviour that on the following Saturday after the usual match had been played they insisted upon the whole team attending the Saturday night meeting. They came directly from the field to the hall, each with his handbag containing his football clothes, and that night several more of the club accepted Christ. The converted members then united in their efforts, and again brought the unconverted ones on Sunday night. The remainder of the unconverted club members were then saved, making in all twenty-five, thus forming a remarkable " saved football club " of twenty-five members.

It is a well-known fact that Birmingham is the home of the Cadburys, the famous philanthropists and cocoa manufacturers. They are leaders in the religious life of Birmingham, and they naturally took a prominent part in the revival campaign of the American evangelists.

Mr. George Cadbury, the present head of the great cocoa establishment, was a member of the committee which invited them to Birmingham, and the wife and daughter of the late Mr. Richard Cadbury, the brother and partner of Mr. George Cadbury in the famous

firm, were active workers in the meetings. The mother and daughter occupied seats upon the platform, and one afternoon as Mr. Alexander went up to the platform to conduct the singing, his eye fell upon the young lady, and he was impressed in a strange way by the face and personality of the woman who was in a few short months to become his wife. But I want Mr. Alexander himself to tell the story of the romance which came about as a direct and immediate answer to prayer. When I first asked Mr. Alexander to give me the narrative for publication he hesitated to do so, feeling it was something too sacred to be made public, but I urged him to give the story in detail in order that it might inspire thousands of others with fresh faith in God in regard to this important crisis of life. Moved by this argument Mr. Alexander at last consented, and gave me the facts.

"It is true that for years I had longed for a wife who would be in perfect sympathy with me in my work," said he; "a woman who could go into all kinds of society, and who would love the poor, the drunkard, and those who were away down in sin; a soul-winner, and a real helpmate in my work. I had always rather reserved the right in my mind to choose my own wife, though, of course, I wanted the Lord as a sort of second partner. I had decided that she

must have this and that and the other qualities of mind and heart, but I was never able to find one who combined all the desired qualifications.

"Finally, during the Christmas season of 1903, which I was spending alone in London, far away from my own family, feeling rather lonesome, I began to ponder over my life. I fell upon my knees and reconsecrated myself to God. I told the Lord I would give the whole thing entirely into His hands. I wanted Him to choose my wife, and trusted that He would give me the one who would most help me to glorify Him. I never dreamt it would be done so quickly, and never thought of Birmingham as the place where I should find my wife.

"A few days later in January, 1904, we began a campaign in that great city. One afternoon as I got up to conduct the singing in Bingley Hall I noticed a young lady sitting in one of the platform seats, and immediately a feeling came over me that there was the answer to my prayer. I did not know who she was, but I observed her closely and grew to love her, for I saw that she was seeking the salvation of souls. I noticed that in the after-meetings she usually went down to the back of the hall, and was not afraid to stay late and work long and earnestly, sometimes with the most wretched-looking and poorly-clad women and girls. The

more I saw of her, the more I was convinced that, as far as I was concerned, she was my choice, though I was still asking the Lord constantly to take everything into His hand. Later I learned that all the time she had been drawn to me, although she did not show it in any of her actions, and had not spoken of it to anyone.

"I had noticed a silver-haired lady with her (evidently her mother) and one day early in the campaign this lady gave me an invitation to spend my rest day at her home. I accepted, and after she had gone I turned to someone and asked who the lady was. 'Why, that is Mrs. Richard Cadbury,' I was told. This was a surprise, as I had already met and had visited the home of some of her relations. It was not until the last rest day of the campaign that I, with several others of the workers, was entertained at Uffculme, their home. Strangely enough, and quite unknown to each other until afterwards, my future wife and I were praying earnestly that same Friday night for the Lord's guidance in this great matter. Each of us had a hard battle to fight with our own self-will, but each finally surrendered to the Lord, to have or not to have as He should will.

"It was not until two days after the revival campaign had closed that I spoke a word to Miss Cadbury about it, and then—why, it was

all settled in a few moments. We were on our knees almost as soon as I had spoken to her, thanking the Lord for bringing us together, and for the wonderful joy, which we took as a gift direct from Him."

Shortly after the Birmingham campaign ended the engagement of Mr. Alexander and Miss Cadbury was announced. Their marriage took place in the following July at the Friends' Meeting House in Birmingham. The Cadburys are Quakers, and the ceremony was conducted according to the simple methods prescribed by the Friends' ordinances. Although the ceremony was so simple, the gathering was distinguished, many of the foremost religious leaders of Great Britain being present, together with some of the nobility. The city of Birmingham turned out *en masse* to see the wedding procession. It is said that on only two previous occasions in the city's history—one of which was the death of the bride's father—had such throngs assembled to witness any public event. The streets were so packed with eager and interested spectators that it was with difficulty that the procession moved through the surging mass.

When the Meeting House was reached, the ceremony proceeded with considerable periods of silence as is customary. As the Spirit moved them two or three persons arose and gave brief

words of advice to the contracting parties. Dr. Torrey, who was present with his wife and children, arose and said:

"There is no time when my heart is so overwhelmed with the wonderfulness of the love of Jesus Christ to me as when I come to a marriage like this. Marriage is indeed worship. Worship is bowing before God in the contemplation of His infinite glory, but the transcendent glory of God is the glory of His love; and in marriage we contemplate the infinite love of God that led God in Christ to give Himself for us.

"I do trust that our beloved friends, constantly as they think of their relation one to another, may see in it but a symbol, a prophecy and a complete revelation, as far as in human beings we can realise the Divine, of the love that Jesus Christ has for us.

"Dear friends, you think you love one another to-day, and you do,—and each day that passes for all the years that are to come, you will love one another more and more. But in the deepest moments of joy in one another, see in the love you have in your hearts to one another just a suggestion of the infinite love of Jesus Christ, not only to each of you individually, but to you two united as one in Him."

The day following their marriage was spent

by Mr. and Mrs. Alexander at Mr. George Cadbury's country home near Birmingham, which was once the home of Jenny Lind. The next day the bride and groom took a steamer for America for a six-weeks' honeymoon trip.

THE ALEXANDER CHORUS,
In the Exhibition building in Melbourne, Australia.

XII

MR. ALEXANDER VISITS AMERICA WITH HIS WIFE

THE honeymoon trip to America of Mr. Alexander and his bride was not a honeymoon trip in the usual sense of the term. Save for a week spent at his old home in Tennessee their stay was almost entirely devoted to addressing Christian conferences and assemblies on the great revival work which had been accomplished in England during the previous eighteen months. Ten days were spent at Northfield, where Mr. Alexander conducted the singing with his usual enthusiasm, and made the famous auditorium erected by D. L. Moody ring with musical melody as it had perhaps never done before. He then visited Chicago, where he took part in crowded meetings in Dr. Torrey's church and in the Bible Institute. He also assisted Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman in the revival campaign he was conducting in St. Louis in connection with the World's Fair, and visited the Winona Bible School, where two thousand ministers had gathered, and which is an American "Keswick."

It was the privilege of Mr. Alexander and his wife to revel in the scenes of his childhood. In describing the pleasure the visit to his old home gave him, Mr. Alexander said:

"One of the sweetest memories of our trip to America was the visit to my old Southern home in Tennessee. Early one bright morning in July we drove up to the front gate of our little cottage, and my mother and sister came running out to greet us. It was a happy moment when we were all four locked in each other's arms, and tears of joy were in our eyes as we greeted each other. We spent a week in the neighbourhood of my boyhood's scenes, and it was one of the sweetest times of my life. One day we went down to the little town of Maryville where I had spent so many happy years in the University. We got off at the little station which used to look so large to me but now seems so small, and there were the same old faces that I had known as a boy. There was a happy time of handshaking, for the Southern people love a good handshake. We got into one of the little carriages standing near, and spent the day going from one house to another, meeting my old friends and exchanging greetings. We went down the one main business street that runs along the top of a hill, and I took my wife into the places of business where I used to do my trading. I took her into the candy shop

where I used to buy my candies, and bought her five cents' worth of the same kind of little red cinnamon candies that I bought as a boy.

"We then made brief calls at the homes I had known familiarly long ago. It was in fruit-canning time, and the women were busy canning fruit. We would walk right into their kitchens and greet them. They would seem embarrassed at first to think I had brought my English wife in upon them so suddenly, but they would soon feel as much at home—when they found out what a warm heart she had—as they used to when I came to see them alone. On the way back that afternoon we drove four miles across the country and took the train at a little station. While waiting there we found some of the luscious Tennessee watermelons which are so famous. We cut them open, and my wife had her first experience in eating the big red slices of watermelon in true Southern style, without knife or fork. We were standing up in the height of our enjoyment, when the train whistled around the curve, and we had to scramble hurriedly upon it with our pieces of watermelon in our hands.

"During our stay we took long moonlight drives into the surrounding country, the fragrant memories of which will remain with me as long as I live. We would start out about twilight, and go through the hills and around up

above the river, the mellow Southern moon shining above us, and hear the rustle of the corn, and see the clumps of little darky children gathered around the doors of the cabins, with their bright, eager eyes peering through the moonlight at the strangers in the carriage. The scenes stand out before me as vividly as if they had occurred yesterday. The warm, soft air of that Southern clime mellows one's heart, and gives one a feeling of love for everything and everybody in the world."

Later, in August, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander returned to England in order to be present at the Torrey-Alexander campaign beginning at Bolton on September 6. From the beginning Mrs. Alexander threw herself heart and soul into the work, and has ever since proven herself an ideal helpmate for her husband.

At this point I am sure the reader will be glad to be given a few facts regarding Mrs. Alexander's girlhood days. Though reared in a beautiful home, and though possessed of the broadest culture, she was ever trained by her God-fearing parents to seek first the Kingdom of God. Her father was one of the greatest public benefactors who ever lived in Birmingham. One of the chief aims of his life was to better the condition of the poor, and to that end he built almshouses for them, established social institutes where their physical, social,

and spiritual wants were satisfied, made lavish donations, and was in every way "a father to the needy and the suffering." Among his many workpeople at Bournville he was not only respected as a kind and considerate master, but loved as a friend. In the summer it was frequently his custom to invite hundreds of the residents of the slums to spend the day in the grounds of his beautiful residence, Uffculme, in the suburbs of Birmingham. He had tea-sheds specially erected for the many Sunday School and other field parties in the summer. One of the earliest memories of Mrs. Alexander is of helping her sisters to serve tea to these poor people to whom the day was as a glimpse of heaven.

It was when she was twelve years of age that Miss Cadbury made an open profession of belief in Christ. During a Friends' Mission—for all the Cadburys are Friends—in that part of Birmingham where her father built up a large mission work, she stood with the tears rolling down her cheeks and confessed her belief. Even after she had risen, a girl friend whispered to her, "You are a Christian already; you need not do this, and especially before all these poor people!" But Miss Cadbury was not ashamed of her Lord, and she not only stood up, but went into the enquiry room and fully surrendered her life to Christ.

While attending the High School she helped to organise a unique and interesting society among her schoolmates. It was called "The Pocket-Testament League." The rules were that every member must be a Christian and seek to win others to Christ; must be a member of a daily Bible-reading society; and must always carry a Testament in her pocket. The league prospered wonderfully, and a number of girls were won to Christ through it. The girls had special pockets made in their dresses for carrying the Testaments, and when any member challenged another the one challenged had to produce her Testament in answer. The organisation flourished so long as the leaders were in the High School, and at the end numbered about sixty members.

After leaving the High School Miss Cadbury attended college in London, and afterwards spent nearly a year in Germany, and both reads and speaks German fluently. She has visited the Holy Land three times, on one occasion making a long camping tour in company with her parents. It was during her last visit to Palestine in 1899 that her father passed away in Jerusalem, the most hallowed of earth's cities. From that time until her marriage with Mr. Alexander, Miss Cadbury actively assisted in carrying on the work among the poor which had been so dear to her father's heart.

At the Friends' Institute—built by her father at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars—she taught a class of young women who were training to become Sunday School teachers. On Sunday evenings at the same place she conducted a Gospel service for children with an attendance of between one and two hundred. At another institute erected by her father she conducted a Working Girls' Club which had a membership of about sixty and met weekly. The meeting opened with prayer and a Gospel hymn, and the main object was to win the girls to Christ. Miss Cadbury frequently invited them to her home, and doubtless many lives were transformed by the sympathetic interest of the young woman of wealth and culture in her less fortunate pupils.

XIII

THE AWAKENING IN WALES

THE most striking features of the month's campaign at Bolton in September, 1904, were the beautiful singing of the people and the "midnight sweep" for drunkards and outcasts. The singing of the Bolton people has long been famous. John Wesley declared that it reminded him of the singing of angels. Several American musicians visiting Bolton during the revival declared that they had never heard such singing in their lives. The favourite song of the revival heard everywhere throughout the town was "O, It Is Wonderful!"

The midnight sweep was made memorable by a beautiful and pathetic incident. At 10.30 one Saturday night over a thousand workers met at the Drill Hall where the services were being held, and forming into two brigades, marched through the streets of the city singing revival melodies. As they went through the slums, one by one the workers caught hold of drunkards and outcasts and often literally com-

THE BICYCLE BRIGADE,

Organized to announce the revival meetings in the country districts adjoining Cardiff, Wales.

pelled them to follow the procession to the Drill Hall meeting. When the motley throng reached the Hall the scene presented was pathetic in the extreme. A thousand besotted, blear-eyed, uncouth men and women sat looking wonderingly up at the evangelists and the choir. Following addresses by Dr. Torrey and Mr. W. S. Jacoby—the assistant pastor of the Chicago Avenue Church, who had come to England to see the great work—one hundred and sixty of those wretched men and women stood up and publicly accepted Christ that night. The next evening Mr. Alexander called upon the workers to give their experiences of the previous evening. After several had spoken the Gospel singer invited his wife to the platform, and in tender tones which held her great audience spellbound she told the following story:

"Last night as we sat in that awful midnight meeting my heart just ached to see the people in front of me. I could not help noticing one woman in the second row. It simply made my heart bleed to see her. She was as drunk as could be, and looked about as disgusting a sight as was possible, with the womanliness all stamped out of her. I was praying constantly for her during the meeting. In the after-meeting it fell to my lot to deal with her. I managed to get her round behind the platform, and had a long talk with her, and I

believe the Spirit of God pierced through the fumes of drink into her soul. She promised me that she would come again and tidy her hair and wash her face, and that she was willing, in the strength of God, to give up the sinful life she was living. But it may be helpful to some to know that the thing that pierced right through her muddled brain was human affection. I tried every other way I could, insisting that I loved her, and that I loved her because God loved her. At last she began to feel the effect of human affection, and—I hardly like to tell the last part in public—finally she looked up into my face and said, 'I know God loves *you*.' 'Yes' I replied, 'God loves you, too.' And at length she looked into my eyes and said, 'Will you give me a kiss?'

"Well, you can imagine how I felt, I expect, if you have ever seen a poor woman like that, reeking with foul odours and her face distorted by drink. For a moment I involuntarily shrank from it. But I looked to God and said, 'What would Thou have me do?' And He seemed to say, 'Do it because I love her.' And I said, 'I will give you a kiss for the sake of Jesus Who loves you.'"

Steps were taken to remove the woman from her difficult surroundings and place her under the care of a Christian home. She was seen at subsequent meetings clean and tidy, and that

kiss doubtless led to the redemption of a human soul.

During the Bolton campaign I was greatly impressed by two bright-faced boys, only ten and twelve years of age, who were members of the choir, and were ardent personal workers in spite of their youth. During the after-meetings—and away from the meetings, too—these little fellows did personal work as consistently as any worker in the movement.

Every night they could be seen going up and down, in and out, among the people, searching out some boy or girl who was not a Christian to lead to Christ. At the end of the month it was found that these two boys had personally led forty-three persons to Christ during the campaign.

After leaving Bolton the evangelists conducted a month's campaign in Cardiff, the metropolis of Wales, where a great iron tabernacle seating 7,000 was erected in the heart of the city for the evangelists, at a cost of $13,000. The great structure was filled practically every night, while often hundreds and thousands were unable to obtain admission. At first the Welsh people seemed cold and unresponsive to the appeals of the evangelists, but as the month drew to a close the enthusiasm became intense and fervid. Personal work was done not only in the great tabernacle, but on the street

cars, in barbers' shops, in store and homes and factories,—everywhere. Indeed during the closing days of the movement the air was so surcharged with spiritual fervour that it seemed as if we were transported back nineteen centuries and were living in the days of the early church. Near the end of the crusade a ministerial convention was held to which all the evangelical ministers of South Wales were invited. Between three and four hundred responded, to whom Dr. Torrey gave a stirring and impassioned address on Personal Responsibility in the Ministry. The Spirit of God was present in the meeting in mighty power, and scores of ministers were set on fire with zeal for the salvation of men, and carried the revival flame back to their churches.

The Welsh people were quick to catch up Mr. Alexander's revival melodies, and soon the streets of the city were ringing with them. Visitors who came from the rural districts of Wales carried them back with them, and in a brief period they were known and sung throughout all South Wales. Many persons do not doubt that the revival campaign of Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander at Cardiff was largely responsible for the wonderful religious awakening which immediately after their crusade swept South Wales like a cyclone. Many of Mr. Alexander's songs became the battle hymns of

GROUP OF FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY EXCURSIONISTS FROM BRISTOL, ENG.,
Who went by special train to the Torrey-Alexander revival meetings at Cardiff, Wales.

the great movement. After the Welsh revival had been in progress for some time I made a brief trip into the heart of it, and attended three meetings conducted by Evan Roberts and took two meals with him. In the course of our conversation he told me that Mr. Alexander's hymn "Never Lose Sight of Jesus" had been sung over two hundred times at one service. Later Mr. Roberts told me that this was his favourite English hymn. Another of the Gospel singer's hymns which is sung everywhere throughout Wales is the touching hymn "Tell Mother I'll Be There," while of course the famous "Glory Song" penetrated into almost every nook and cranny of the Principality.

One of the most interesting converts of the revival in Cardiff was Mr. F. C. N. Douglas, a member of the Cardiff Stock Exchange. He was led to accept Christ through hearing the congregation singing the song "Over the River Faces I See." Since his conversion he has been throwing all his great energy into winning others to Christ. During the crusade in Liverpool he conducted a special excursion party to visit the evangelists. The train was called "The Welsh Glory Special," and was declared to be the finest excursion train that ever ran out of Cardiff. He tells the story of his transformation as follows:

"The nickname Dr. Torrey got on 'Change

was 'The American Hustler.' I thank God he hustled me right into salvation. The night after I had surrendered all to Christ, I came again to the meeting, and Dr. Torrey, after inviting those who would accept Christ to go down to the front seats, said, 'Christians, go to work!' I thought that was for me, and if ever there was a weak-kneed Christian I was one at that moment. But I thank God He made me the channel for bringing in two souls that night. I cannot describe the delight I felt after that—there is no comparison. You cannot compare that sort of thing to the making of money. I spoke to three young fishermen, and on the following night had the pleasure of seeing them all accept Christ. I am now doing slum work in 'Tiger Bay' and am going on in this way as long as God will help me. In the six weeks following the close of Dr. Torrey's and Mr. Alexander's work in Cardiff I praise God He has used me to bring in over thirty converts to the Fold."

Seven months after the campaign ended I visited Cardiff suddenly and found Mr. Douglas conducting open-air meetings. I also found that the revival had gone right on after the evangelists had left, and that there had been two or three times as many converts since their crusade as there were during its progress. The pastor of one of the largest churches in the city

described to me with great joy the transformation which the revival had wrought in his congregation. Not only have scores joined the church, but the church life has been quickened into Apostolic fervour. The people throng the prayer-meetings, and a prominent feature of the church work are the open-air meetings which are under the management of two of the revival converts. In Cardiff, as in many other cities—and it is Dr. Torrey's earnest desire that this should be the case in every place they visit—the ending of the revival crusade was but the beginning of a continuous revival in the churches themselves.

XIV

NINE WEEKS' SUCCESSFUL WORK IN LIVERPOOL

FROM Cardiff the evangelists went to Liverpool to conduct a second campaign for nine weeks—the longest period they had spent in any city during their entire tour of the world. Great preparations were made for their visit. A colossal glass and iron Tournament Hall had just been erected in the suburbs of the city, and this the committee rented for the crusade at a cost of $15,000. The structure held 12,500 people, and was reputed to be the largest auditorium in Great Britain excepting the Crystal Palace. Huge as the building was, however, it proved at times inadequate to contain the throngs which gathered to hear the evangelists, and at the closing meeting it is estimated that 35,000 people endeavoured to gain admission. An old resident of Liverpool who was present at the service declared that the scene that evening far surpassed anything he had witnessed during the famous Moody and Sankey campaign in

WEDDING FEAST TO 2300 OF CITY POOR,
given in Liverpool in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander's wedding anniversary, by the great choir.

Liverpool nearly a generation before. As the result of the campaign the names of over 7,000 converts were recorded.

During the revival Liverpool was honeycombed with praying bands; personal work was done everywhere; and the streets rang with revival hymns. One evening I passed five young men linked arm-in-arm whistling "Tell Mother I'll Be There"; and a little farther on four boys were crossing the street humming the "Glory Song." On several mornings I was awakened by the milkman whistling a popular revival air as he delivered milk to his customers. One night a band of boys sang a Christmas carol under my window, and followed it with a revival hymn.

The choir in Liverpool numbered 3,658 members, and was the largest evangelistic chorus ever organised up to that time. One of the many interesting features of the crusade was a wedding feast tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander by the great choir, in the form of a huge banquet to 2,100 of the poorest people of Liverpool.

It was a thrilling and memorable sight to see the entire body of the huge hall filled with white-covered tables, at which over 2,000 of the poorest of the city were sitting, some of them enjoying a good meal for the first time for days or weeks. Music was furnished by a

brass band, and the magnificent choir—about 2,500 members of which were present—sang hymn after hymn with thrilling effect under the inspiring leadership of Mr. Alexander. At the conclusion of the feast, amid much cheering, Mr. Alexander ascended the dais and expressed to the choir his heartfelt appreciation of their unique gift. He declared that if they had studied for years they could not have presented anything to his wife and himself which would have pleased them so greatly. He then said: "I believe the Lord Jesus Christ helped me to get my wife. I don't think I could have got her myself. I believe it was straight in answer to prayer. One of the first things that I saw (I'll just let you into a little secret—you must not tell it, though) in Bingley Hall, Birmingham, was that my wife (then Miss Cadbury) would go back to the end of the hall, and get hold of the most forlorn-looking girl or woman in the building, and stay almost till the lights were out, trying to lead her to Christ. I said, 'That's the woman for me!' and I want to say to the young men, if you want to get a wife, be sure she's a soul-winner. You young women, if you want to get a husband, be sure he's a soul-winner consecrated to God."

Mrs. Alexander next bravely mounted the high platform, and likewise expressed her deep gratitude for the wedding present. As she had

been watching the people during the evening, the scene had called her back in thought to the parable of the Wedding Feast related by Christ while on earth. To the poor people present she said: "What we long for above everything else is that all who have come here to-night to rejoice with us should learn to know and to love the dear Saviour who fills our lives so full of joy."

Dr. Torrey then delivered a short but effective and appropriate address also on the Parable of the Wedding Feast. When he had concluded he appealed for decisions, and two hundred and seventeen persons professed to accept Christ as their Saviour, Lord, and King. The entire occasion was so successful, and productive of such blessing to the poor people that a short time later the choir raised the money for a second feast to Liverpool's poor, which was attended by 2,300 people, and at which there were two hundred and thirty-one confessions.

During the second crusade at Liverpool an excellent opportunity was afforded of seeing some of the fruits of the awakening of a year previous. For example, one of the captains of the stewards during the Tournament Hall meetings was a convert of the first revival, who had formerly been a Music Hall singer. One day he gave me the remarkable story of his conversion as follows:

"Before my conversion I was a professional singer and was known under my professional name of Tom Johns. One evening I was singing at a concert in Liverpool, and in the middle of my comic song a note was handed to me. Without finishing my song I opened it, and learned that my mother was lying very ill, and was not expected to live through the night. I hurried away to her house. On my way I had to pass the Philharmonic Hall, where the Torrey-Alexander meetings were being held, and as I passed the congregation was singing 'Tell Mother I'll be There.' The words sank deeply into my heart, for I knew that I could not then have promised to meet my mother in heaven. I could not get away from the words of that song. They rang in my ears persistently. Every time I asked myself 'Can I tell mother I'll be there?' my conscience would answer in the negative. I realised that complete surrender to God was the only way to answer my question. Then and there I yielded my will to Him, cancelled all my engagements, and my joy is now complete that I am able to sing with truth, 'Tell Mother I'll Be There.'"

The singer's conversion was the beginning of active service for his Master. Not long afterwards he was out at a Christmas party, and was invited by his friends to sing one of his old songs which had always been very pop-

ular at such gatherings. Instead of that, however, he pulled from his pocket one of Alexander's New Revival Hymn Books, and placing it on the piano, sang "Looking This Way." So popular did the hymn prove that more were demanded, and the company continued singing revival hymns until midnight. As the result of that evening of Gospel song several of the young men of the party gave their hearts to God, and later acted as stewards at the revival meetings at Tournament Hall.

The man who was perhaps the most enthusiastic of all the personal workers during the Liverpool revival was also a convert of the former campaign. He was a medium-sized, keen-eyed business man, with a face radiant with happiness, but with grey hair, though only forty-four years of age. His name was Edward Roberts, and the story of his transformation recalls the days of the early church. From early manhood he had been an amateur boxer and a noted referee at prize fights. One night he attended a Torrey-Alexander meeting; was soundly saved; and his life was totally changed from that hour. I want to give you a part of his story, just as he frequently tells it before audiences where many are weeping ere he concludes:

"On the 24th September, 1903, I had promised my wife that I would take her to hear Dr.

Torrey and Mr. Alexander, but there was a boxing contest on at Liverpool that night between an American and an Englishman, and it was very few of these contests that I used to miss. You would find my name in the sporting papers as referee—Mr. Robert Humphreys I called myself; I suppose I was ashamed to use my own name. However, I took my wife that night to the Philharmonic Hall. When we got there there was a crowd of people waiting outside; the meeting for women was not quite over. I said to my wife, 'Do you suppose I am going to crush amongst this crew?' It would have been all right among the crew who were waiting to get in to see the fight,—I would have crushed with the best of them; but it was to hear something that she knew might reach my heart, and I didn't want to go in. At last I got in with her, but I took little notice of what was said or sung.

"On the Monday following I must have given my wife a terrible shock by telling her that I thought I would go and hear Dr. Torrey. I went. I got there about a quarter to seven and had to wait over an hour, but God's spirit was working with me so strongly that night that, if necessary, I would have waited a day and a half, not an hour and a half. Finally I got into the building and sat down. The next thing I knew of was that they got up to sing:

"'When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.'

If I were to speak from now till to-morrow morning I could not describe the feeling that came over me as they sang the third verse:

"'See! from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?'

I got down and cried as I have never cried before nor since. The love of Christ did it. I stood when the invitation was given, and went to the front. A gentleman came to me and said, 'Do you know the Lord Jesus Christ can save you?' I said, 'If he can save me he can save any man in the world,' and I felt it from the bottom of my heart. He opened his Bible and showed me text after text, and verse after verse, and in the next five minutes I saw more of the Bible than I had seen for the previous fifteen years. We got down and prayed, the tears rolling down my face, and at last the light came. I came out, and went home and told my wife the glad news. She had been praying for me at home, and not until then did I learn that, together with a group of friends, she had been praying for my conversion for six years. That nearly broke me down a second time.

"Now I can hardly realise my former life. It seems to me as if I had lived that dark life in some other world. I never knew what life was before I came to Christ."

Mr. Roberts is outdoor manager of sixty meat shops at Liverpool, and is a very busy man, but he is constantly witnessing for Christ on the streets and at religious gatherings. He always carries his Bible in his coat pocket, and if he changes his coat he changes his Bible from one coat to the other. His face fairly glows with the joy and gladness which fills his heart. His wife says their home is now so happy that it seems like her second life on earth.

A beautiful feature of the work in Liverpool was the soul-winning enthusiasm of the boy and girl converts. One night Dr. Torrey read the following letter from a thirteen-year-old girl:

"Dear Dr. Torrey—Please pray for a poor drunkard whom I met last Saturday night as I was coming home on Shiel Road. I gave him an invitation card to come to your revival; he said he would; I asked him if it would not be nicer for him to be happy and believe in God than to be drunk and unhappy all the while. He said that he would take beer no more, and that he would come to your revival on Sunday and be converted. He said he had only a shilling to give to his wife and three children. Please pray for him that he may give up the

taking of beer. I thank God I was converted at your meetings a week ago. I am thirteen years old."

The writer of the letter is a poor, untutored working girl, yet she has already led over a score of boys and girls to accept Christ. She works in a large room with a hundred other girls, and frequently during the day sings the verses of revival hymns while the rest of the girls join in the choruses.

Following the Christmas intermission Dr. Torrey received from an eleven-year-old girl the the following pathetic letter, which tells its own story: "Dear Dr. Torrey—I have been waiting such a very long time for you to come back so that I could send you this letter. I want to know if you will pray for my mamma who is always getting drunk. I am eleven years old, and came to the last children's meeting, and got converted. When I got home my mamma asked me where I had been, and I said, 'To the Torrey-Alexander Revival.' She got up and hit me awful because I had been, and said that if I ever came again she would nearly kill me. So I can't come; not because of the whipping I should get, for I would not mind that, but because I should be disobeying orders. But I can do something even if I cannot come to the meetings. I can pray and sing.

"I haven't got a father; he died a week be-

fore Christmas, but mamma does not seem to mind a bit. She got drunk on the funeral day and couldn't go to the funeral. I was singing one of your hymns on Christmas Day; mother had come home drunk and there was nothing in the house, so I thought I could do nothing else but to pray for the revival, and to sing to my Heavenly Father who has done such a lot for me; 'A little talk with Jesus makes it right, all right!' Will you please have sung Hymn 36—'Over the River Faces I See.'

"Now I must close, keeping on trusting and obeying, and there is One Who will help me, and only one, and that is God. God answers prayer if we have faith in Him."

One of the most remarkable converts of the entire Liverpool movement was a young lawyer who gave his heart to God at the very first meeting held in the Tournament Hall. Mr. Alexander gave me the story of his conversion as follows: "Over a year before we went to Liverpool a prominent business man of Manchester had gone to Dr. Torrey, and said to him, 'I wish you would pray for my son. He is thirty-seven years old, a wanderer on the face of the earth, travelling from country to country. I don't know where he is much of the time, but God knows, and I want you to pray for him.' Dr. Torrey promised that he would do so. Months passed, and when Dr. Torrey was at

Keswick the same gentleman came to him again and said: 'I have found out that my son is away over in Vancouver. Can you tell me someone to cable to? I want him put under restraint.' Dr. Torrey gave him the address of a pastor whom he knew in Vancouver, and the father at once cabled to him in order that he might look after his son. Before the cablegram had reached Vancouver, however, the young man had left the city, and was again wandering in the great Northwest. Months passed on, and Dr. Torrey and I began our campaign in Liverpool. On the very first night of the crusade that same young man for whom prayer had been made many months before walked into the building, listened to the service, was convicted of sin, and gave his heart to God. The young man became an earnest worker, and spent several weeks with us in Liverpool, and was the means of leading many to accept Jesus Christ. For many years he had been separated from his wife, but to-day he has a happy home once more, and is serving the Lord with all his heart. The last I heard of him was that he was studying to become a minister of the Gospel."

One of the red-letter days of the campaign occurred when a company of over five hundred Bolton people chartered a special train and came to Liverpool to attend the afternoon and evening services. It was probably the largest re-

vival party that ever made a journey by rail in England. At the close of the night meeting they formed in ranks outside Tournament Hall, together with five hundred Liverpool people, and marched over a mile to the railway station singing revival hymns. The singing was in perfect time and tune, for it was conducted by Mr. Alexander from the top of a cab, by waving a white handkerchief. They thronged the station platforms, sang heartily for fifteen minutes, and as the special train departed all united in the chorus, "We'll Never Say Good-Bye in Heaven."

Near the close of the movement an honour unique in English civic life was accorded to the evangelists. The Lord Mayor of Liverpool gave a luncheon in their honour in the Town Hall, to which he invited a select company of the foremost clergy and business men of the city. About sixty were present, including Mrs. Torrey, Mrs. Alexander, and Dr. John Watson, better known as Ian Maclaren.

After the luncheon the Lord Mayor expressed his gratitude for the visit of the evangelists, who had done so much for the political and commercial as well as the religious welfare of the city by their remarkable work. The Rector of Liverpool, speaking for the Church of England, then warmly commended "the successors of Moody and Sankey"; he was followed

by the Rev. J. H. Atkinson, who represented the Nonconformist ministers of the city. Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander spoke briefly, expressing their gratitude for the signal honour, which they took not as a tribute to themselves, but to their labours. Touching reference was made by Dr. Torrey to a letter which had appeared in a daily paper a few days previous signed "A Minister of the Suburbs." It is an open secret that Dr. Watson wrote it, and the evangelists much appreciated his sympathy with their work. Dr. Watson said in part in the letter:

"First of all one must be impressed by the speaker's personality. Dr. Torrey is a tall, straight, well-made, upstanding man; not gross and heavy as many evangelists become through want of exercise. He looks perfectly fit, a man in good training, and he carries himself with dignity, as becometh an ambassador of Christ. You are inclined to respect him when he stands forth to speak, and he does not forfeit the pledge of authority which he has given. To-day Dr. Torrey neither said or did anything to offend the most fastidious critic. His bearing was that of a gentleman of Christ. There was nothing sensational or fanatical in the service. From first to last it was spiritual, sincere, and edifying."

One of the most notable converts of the first

revival campaign of the evangelists in Liverpool was a workman in a soap factory who had been an habitual drunkard. He had been such a slave to drink that he would spend whole nights in wild, drunken carousals. A fellow-workman induced him to attend a revival meeting. He went; he found Christ; his life was transformed. He and his friend bought two Alexander Hymn books, and began singing praises to God and having short prayer-meetings every day at noon right in the factory. The singing drew in others until the attendance exceeded fifty daily, and many workmen were converted. Then the convert—who was a musician, and had formerly played the violin all night long at dances—organised a revival orchestra among the workmen. He became its leader, and went out and conducted Gospel services in churches all over Liverpool, where scores were led to Christ. The noon-day prayer-meetings at the soap factory were continued for over a year. Then came the second campaign of Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander, when the Christian workmen were filled with such zeal and love that they began and have continued two prayer-meetings daily at the factory, one at 8 A. M., and one at noon, during the lunch hour. At the present writing their prayer-meetings are still keeping up splendidly nearly two years after the first one was commenced.

TOURNAMENT HALL, LIVERPOOL,
seating 12,000, exterior and interior views.

Some of the most notable and far-reaching meetings of the entire campaign were those for business men held in the Corn Exchange, Liverpool. For four days a week for three weeks about five hundred men gathered in the dome of the building to listen to a half-hour address by Dr. Torrey on such subjects as: "Why I Believe the Bible to be the Word of God;" "Did Christ Rise from the Dead?" and "Does God answer Prayer?" No singing was allowed at the meetings, but Dr. Torrey's powerful and logical addresses deeply moved his audiences. One day, while speaking upon the subject, "Does God Answer Prayer?" he gave a wonderful modern example of answered prayer which was peculiarly appropriate to the Corn Exchange and his audience of brokers and merchants who transacted business chiefly in grain. He said:

"In the days when John S. Pillsbury—'Honest John' they used to call him, because he made the State pay its debts instead of repudiating them as it intended to do—was Governor of Minnesota (I knew him intimately and personally), there came a grasshopper plague in Minnesota. There had been one in the preceding year that had devastated all the crops and rendered the harvest a failure, and the plague that threatened them would spell ruin to a number of families throughout the

State. A number of influential men from various States met in consultation as to the best means of ridding them of the plague. A Governor of a neighbouring State urged that the only thing to be done to escape the threatening plague was to appoint a day of prayer, wherein all praying people should unite in imploring God to remove the grasshoppers. John S. Pillsbury accepted the suggestion, returned home to St. Paul, and issued a proclamation that all people who believed in a God that answered prayer should on a given day proceed to their places of worship and pray God to remove the grasshoppers from Minnesota. On the appointed day a wonderful thing occurred. In some places the grasshoppers died by millions in the trenches; those that were able to fly rose up and flew out of the State of Minnesota; a few lingered on, but they too eventually disappeared, and the crops were saved. There has never been a grasshopper plague in Minnesota from that day to this, though there have been plagues in other States."

In summing up the results of the nine weeks' campaign at its close, Dr. Torrey said: "The mid-day meetings for business men in the Corn Exchange have been perhaps one of the most gratifying features of the crusade. Never before in my life have I seen such intense interest evinced as by these hard-headed, contemplative

business men. As a result there have been a large number of conversions among the men who conduct, as it were, the commerce of the world. I think the best part of the work is coming after we have gone. The real power and effect of a revival campaign is seen afterwards in the stirring up of individual churches, and we have reason to believe that the fire is just breaking out in many churches as the result of our work."

XV

THE STORY OF "GET RIGHT WITH GOD"

ONE striking feature of the world-wide work of Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander has been the distribution of millions of small white cards bearing upon their face in bold red letters only four words—"Get Right With God." In Australia they began giving out these cards in connection with their revival meetings by tens of thousands, and when they reached England hundreds of thousands were distributed. In strange and unexpected ways people of all ages and classes were brought face to face with the cards, and got right with God.

A whole volume could be filled with beautiful and touching narratives of men, women, and children who were converted through the little cards. The phrase has now become such a vital part of their work that it is usually printed in great letters, several feet high, on a huge strip of cloth, and nailed up at the back of the platform in full view of everyone in the audience.

In speaking of the origin of the phrase and of some of the most striking transformations wrought through the sentence which has now become world-famous, Mr. Alexander said:

"When we were in Ballarat, Australia, our work seemed to need something to create greater interest and to give people something to do for the Lord. I remembered four words that I had seen on a card in America, and I decided to use them at the next afternoon meeting. I went to the printers, and had the four words 'Get Right With God' set up in large, clear type, and printed nicely upon heavy, narrow cards. I had 14,000 of the cards on the platform at the beginning of the afternoon meeting.

"I told the people the following story to get them interested in the work which I felt sure the card would do:

"'In a city in America an evangelist had distributed these cards gummed on one side. A little girl, whose father was a judge, took several home. He was an unconverted man. While he was away from the home she went into his room and pasted on the foot of his bed, "Get Right With God." Across the mirror she pasted the same. She put another in the bottom of the washbowl. When he came in that evening she stuck one in the top of his hat. She put another on the handle of his

umbrella. When he went up to his bedroom she slipped into the dining-room and placed one on his plate. She managed to get one stuck inside his desk in his office.

"'When he went to retire for the night he noticed the one at the foot of the bed. The next morning when he arose he noticed the one in the washbowl and the one on the mirror. When he went to breakfast there was one looking him in the face at his place at the table. When he went to get his umbrella and hat there he saw them again. When he went down to his office and rolled his desk cover back there was "Get Right With God" looking him in the eye again. He decided to give his heart to God, and got right with Him.'

"I then requested the Christians in the audience to take as many as they could distribute judiciously. They were eagerly caught up and more were called for.

"We began to hear results of the scheme working on every hand. I was talking to a bright young business man who had confessed Christ, and he told me how this card had touched him. He looked at it, and stuck it hastily into his overcoat pocket and forgot all about it until he had occasion to reach into the pocket for one of his business cards. He could feel this card, for it was longer than his own, and every time he touched it he was reminded

of the words 'Get Right With God' until he was driven to give his heart to the Lord.

"From Ballarat we went on to Sydney—1,000 miles away—to hold a campaign there. I told the Sydney workers about it, and handed a card to one of the secretaries of the campaign to show him the sort of thing it was. He said, 'I would like to take one home.' He had a paper with one of Dr. Torrey's sermons in, and slipped the card inside to take care of it. Later on he got into conversation with a man who was under conviction of sin. He wanted to point him to Christ, but did not have time to finish the conversation, so he said, 'Here, take this paper and read Dr. Torrey's sermon.' The man took it home, but did not like to have any of the family see him reading a sermon. Many people are like that; afraid of what others may think or say of them. Propriety, I believe, sends more souls to hell than anything else except neglect. So that man waited up until the rest of the family had retired, and when everyone else was in bed he opened the paper to read the sermon. As he did so the little card fell out and lay looking up at him—'Get Right With God.' As he gazed at the card the words seemed to burn into his soul, and then and there he dropped on his knees and got right with God.

"In Belfast we had 150,000 printed and dis-

tributed. I explained to the workers one Sunday morning how to distribute the cards, and asked them to give one to every man and woman they met. I went out on the street to see how it was being done, and had not gone far before I met a policeman coming down the street past the crowds, holding out at full arm's length one of the little cards. Everybody he passed had wanted to give him another, and this was the only way he could keep them from approaching him. That night, while the after-meeting was in progress a gentleman came up to me and said, 'Do you see that old gentleman on the front seat? He had been drinking this morning. His little girl brought him one of these cards, and he could not get away from it. He stuck it in his hat and came to the meeting, and now he is saved.'

"At Edinburgh a fine-looking commercial man came to me, and said, 'This card here is what brought me. I was going out of Edinburgh to do business. I bought my ticket; here it is' (and he pulled it out and showed it to me), 'and got into the carriage. I went to pull down the curtain at the carriage window, and out rolled this card, which someone had stuck in the roll of the curtain. I had promised my old mother years ago that I would give my heart to Jesus. But I wandered farther and farther into sin until I was afraid of

myself. I was getting worse. I went home tipsy the other night, and I never used to do that. I thought of all this as the train went on. We passed another station, and I felt I could bear it no longer—I must settle the matter now. I got out at the next station and came back again to Edinburgh.' He came to the meeting, listened to Dr. Torrey and was saved that night, and now he is working with all his heart for Christ.

"In our first campaign at Liverpool we distributed 200,000 of the little cards. There are many different ways of using them, and here the unique plan was followed of putting them in the letter-boxes. A few days later a woman on top of a tramcar opened her bag, and in it was a little packet of 'Get-right-with-God' cards. 'You have been to the revival meetings, haven't you?' she was asked. 'Yes,' she replied; 'last Sunday morning my husband and I were not Christians. We found two of these cards in our letter-box, and had great fun about it. After we had laughed over them we thought later on that we would go to the meeting. We both went, and both got saved that night.'

"One man in Liverpool had been going to a certain place of worship for many years. He came to the Hall where our meetings were held, and stayed to the after-meeting. The minister

of the church he attended said he was never more surprised in his life than when this man came forward for salvation. He asked him how it was, and the man answered, 'This card was stuck in my pew, and it has been staring at me all the time, and I must get right with God.'

"At Bristol one young man put the card into the hands of 250 cyclists. Of the hundred and sixty persons who accepted Christ that night I asked those to stand up who had been led definitely to Christ through the little 'Get-right-with-God' cards. Seventeen of them stood up. One fine-looking old gentleman was asked where he got his card. 'Oh,' he answered, 'it was given me six miles away, and I have walked over here to the meeting.' And he walked all the way back again—twelve miles in all.

"In our second crusade in Liverpool a quarter of a million of the cards were given out on New Year's Day, 1905. Scores were led to Christ through them. Two of the most interesting converts were a bride and groom who were reached by the little cards in a most remarkable manner. A Christian worker was passing a church when he saw a bridal party come out and enter a waiting carriage. Having several 'Get-right-with-God' cards in his hand, he stepped up to the carriage and handed

one to each of the occupants. Being a distinguished-looking man with silvery hair he was able to do this without causing the least offence. To the bride and groom he said, 'I wish you a most happy New Year, but it cannot be the happiest possible unless you are absolutely right with God. I will deeply appreciate it if you will take these cards and put them up in prominent positions in your new home, and I would like to ask especially that you put one in your looking-glass.' The worker then went on his way, having sown the seed. Six days passed. At the end of the week the same worker was delighted to see the bride and groom to whom he had given the cards go up to the front at Tournament Hall and publicly acknowledge Christ as their Saviour, Lord, and King. He went forward and congratulated them heartily upon this step, and they then told him they could not get the message of the little white card out of their minds until they finally came to the hall and yielded themselves to God.

"In Liverpool a few days later, a minister from Manchester arose at an afternoon meeting and told how a single card given out during our campaign in his city had been the means of inaugurating a great and glorious work. He said: 'A police-sergeant came to one of your meetings and got hold of some of

the 'Get-right-with-God' cards. That same night he distributed them while on duty. There was one of the men under him whom he was very anxious to see won for God, and that night he spoke to him about his soul. The man turned away from him with the remark: "You are exceeding your duty now; that has nothing to do with a policeman's work." The sergeant said, "Well, my brother, will you just take this card and look at it." The man took it out of courtesy, and, when he got home, found it still in his pocket. He read it; it got hold of him, and there and then he gave his heart to God. Since then he has been instrumental in leading a hundred men to Christ. He has a large Bible class for men and a continual stream of men is being led to God in connection with that policeman's work.'"

XVI

THE STORY OF SECOND-TIMOTHY-TWO-FIFTEEN

ANOTHER phrase which has become almost as closely identified with the work of the evangelists as "Get Right With God" is "Second-Timothy-Two-Fifteen." A veritable Gospel romance has grown up around this Scripture text which has been the means of leading scores of people to an acceptance of Jesus Christ. It is a year-text once adopted by Mr. Alexander, and which has since been adopted by tens of thousands of people in all parts of the earth. In Birmingham, Liverpool, and in fact in each city the evangelists visited, the story of the year-text has been told, and it never failed to arouse fresh enthusiasm for God's Word and to lead hundreds to adopt it as their year-text for the ensuing twelve months.

"This is how I came to adopt the use of a year-text. I was spending the vacation with a young man in a certain town, and we agreed to adopt 2 Tim. ii. 15 as our year-text—that is, a text on which to shape our lives during the

whole of that year. Our bedrooms adjoined, and we were so fond of each other that we slept with the door between our rooms open, and when we went to bed in the evening, instead of calling out 'Good-night,' we used to sing out 'Second-Timothy-two-fifteen'; and whichever of us woke first in the morning would rouse the other up with 'Second-Timothy-two-fifteen.'

"After the week's vacation was up we had to part, he going one way and I another on the Lord's business. I went down to the depot with him, and as the train moved off he stood out on the back platform—'Second-Timothy-two-fifteen,' he said; 'Second-Timothy-two-fifteen,' I replied.

"The train drew out. 'Second-Timothy-two-fifteen!' I shouted; and 'Second-Timothy-two-fifteen!' came back.

"The train was getting clear of the depot. 'Second-Timothy-two-fifteen!' I shouted for all I was worth; and 'Second-Timothy-two-fifteen!' came back very faintly. 'Second-Timothy-two-fifteen' I let go once more; but I didn't hear any answer—only saw the white of his handkerchief fluttering in the wind; but I knew all the same that he was shouting 'Second-Timothy-two-fifteen!' Some of the people there must have thought we were pretty crazy—one on the tail of a train and one on the platform, and both shouting out 'Second-

Timothy-two-fifteen.' But wait till you hear the rest of my story.

"For the whole year we stuck to that text. Whenever we wrote we put it across the corner of our envelopes, and every letter I sent to anyone had across it 2 Tim. ii. 15, whilst a whole lot of my friends did the same with the letters they sent me.

"Twelve months later I was back in that same town conducting some young peoples' meetings, and I was speaking of the great advantage of having a year-text. I had been asking them to adopt the text that I had started out on when a young fellow got up and interrupted me. 'I am very glad,' he said, 'that Mr. Alexander ever took "Second-Timothy-two-fifteen" for his year text.' 'How's that?' said I. 'Well, friends,' said he, 'twelve months ago I was down at the depot seeing some people, when I heard a fellow shouting for all he was worth "Second-Timothy-two-fifteen!" to a man on the end of the outgoing train, and the man that was going away was shouting back "Second-Timothy-two-fifteen!" Well, I thought, what is this Second-Timothy-two-fifteen they are shouting about, anyway? So I made a bee-line for home and looked it up in my Bible. I wasn't a Christian then, but the first words of that text just hit me between the eyes—"Study to show thyself approved

unto God." Then I went on and read the rest—"A workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." I asked God to forgive me my sins, and help me to "show myself approved" and thank God He has done it!'

"That man had hardly sat down when another one got up, and said 'I have to thank God that Mr. Alexander took that text for his year-text.' 'Why?' said I. 'Well, he said, 'I never saw Mr. Alexander before to-night, but the first Sunday I spent in this town that man who has just spoken came to me and pointed me to Christ. He was saved through hearing Mr. Alexander calling out "Second-Timothy-two-fifteen," and I was saved through his having heard it.'

"Later on I went to Australia. At the very last meeting we held there, after Dr. Torrey had preached about an hour, and we had sung and sung, the people still waited. 'Why don't you go home?' I asked. They said, 'We want to sing.' We sang 'God Be With You' seven times straight through, from one end to the other. Still they did not move, and I said again, 'Why don't you go home?' 'We want to sing' came the answer once more; and we sang and sang until I thought they must be tired of singing. So I said, 'I want everybody to listen now while I tell you the story of

a text.' And I told them this story. Then I said, 'Now everybody who will take "Second-Timothy-two-fifteen" as a year-text, say it together.' You should have heard them—eight thousand there were—saying it '*Sec*-ond-*Tim*-othy-*two*-fif-*teen*.' It was just like big waves rolling upon the seashore. Now, if you want to see how that sounds, just try it. Say it twice—one after the other without a break, just as you would a college yell—'*Sec*-ond-*Tim*-othy-*two*-fif-*teen*! *Sec*-ond-*Tim*-othy-*two*-fif-*teen*!'

"While I was telling the story that night there was a reporter down in front, and he took down every word just as I had told it, and it was published in *The Southern Cross*. It came over to England where a London journal copied it. A good woman in England wrapped that paper up and sent it to a soldier in Calcutta, and that soldier read the story and gave his heart to God.

"You say, 'How do you know?' Because in going through Calcutta I saw him. He came up to me and said, 'Are you the one who told that story in Melbourne?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well,' he said, 'that's the reason I am a Christian.'

"There it was. That story had gone seventeen thousand miles and led a soldier to Christ.

"After the story had been printed in that Australian paper we did not need any introduction when we would go on to the next place to hold a revival campaign. Just as soon as Dr. Torrey and I got off the train, people whom we had never seen before and who had never seen us would begin to say 'Second-Timothy-two-fifteen.' We went across to Tasmania. A great crowd had assembled along the dock, and they all looked like strangers. But one great big fellow put his hand up to his mouth as the ship was running up to the dock and shouted 'Second-Timothy-two-fifteen!' and we felt at home right away.

"When we reached England it was the same way. Thousands and thousands of letters that pass through British post offices have 2 Tim. ii. 15 written upon outside or inside or both. There was a deacon in England who told his pastor about it, and the pastor came to me when we were holding some meetings in Mildmay Conference Hall, London, and said 'The whole church has taken Second-Timothy-two-fifteen as a year-text.'

"A party of sixty Cambridge University students went to Oxford to attend a religious gathering. As the famous text was their motto, they had a cloth sign twelve feet long, printed with 'Second-Timothy-two-fifteen' in huge letters, and hung it on the side of their car. It was

read by thousands of people as the train rushed along with its crowd of noisy students.

"Still later the story of the year-text was published in another London journal. The paper fell into the hands of the Master of Ceremonies at the Court of Denmark—a man of very high rank and influence. He read about the famous text and was greatly impressed with its world-wide work. A few days later he was to act as chairman at a large and influential gathering of the leading people of Denmark. He decided to give them the story of Second-Timothy-two-fifteen. The narrative was so popular that 'Second-Timothy-two-fifteen' is now a familiar phrase even in far-off Denmark.

"If you are the superintendent of a Sunday-school or the teacher of a class, tell your scholars this story, and urge them to take it as a year-text. It will make them better scholars, and will draw them nearer to God."

XVII

THE GREAT AWAKENING IN LONDON

THE revival campaign led by the evangelists in London was by far the most notable they had undertaken during their entire tour of the world. It lasted five months—from February to June, and the expenses amounted to $85,000. The number of professed conversions recorded reached nearly 15,000.

Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander conducted the movement at the invitation of the London Evangelistic Council, a large, unsectarian, influential body of nearly a hundred men, at the head of which was Lord Kinnaird. The members of the committee included leading business men of London, Members of Parliament, editors, lawyers, and clergymen. The chairman of the Executive Committee was Mr. W. G. Bradshaw, deputy chairman of the London City and Midland Bank. The honorary secretary of the great crusade was Mr. John H. Putterill, the secretary of the London Y. M. C. A.

The Council was ably assisted during a part

of the campaign by an Auxiliary Ladies' Committee, which included in its membership a number of women belonging to the nobility. Among the active members of the committee were Lady Napier, Lady Agnes Anderson, Lady Trelawney, Lady Wimborne, The Hon. Misses Kinnaird, and Mrs. C. E. Tritton. The president of the committee was Mrs. Webb-Peploe, the wife of Prebendary Webb-Peploe of St. Paul's Cathedral, and the vice-president was Miss Morley, the president of the Y. W. C. A. Lady Hope also worked actively in connection with the campaign.

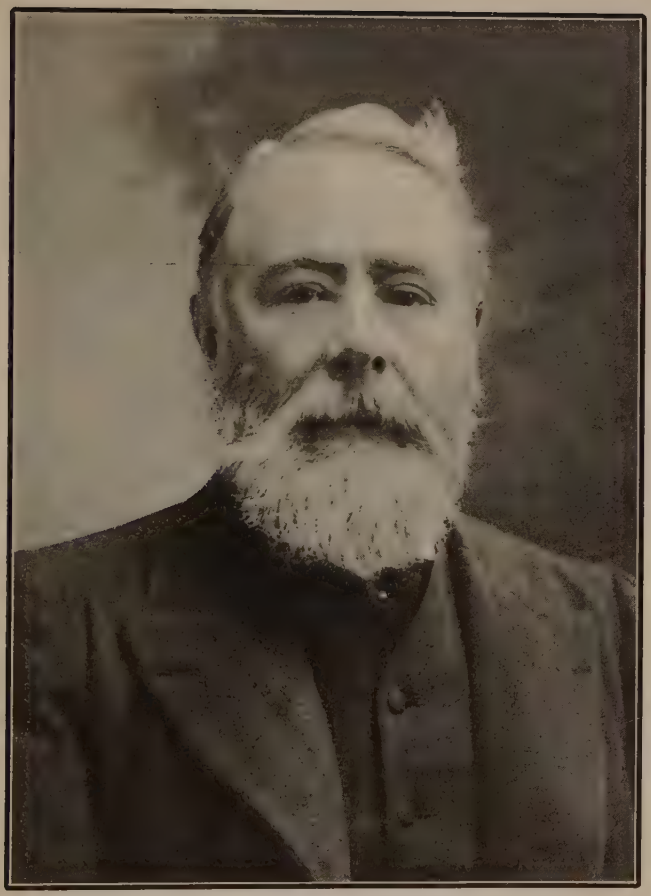
The famous Royal Albert Hall was engaged for the first two months; an iron and glass building seating 5,500 and costing $20,000 was erected in South London for the next two months; and another great iron building seating over 5,000 was erected in the Strand, in the heart of London, for the last month of the campaign. In each case the choir numbered nearly 4,000 members, with about 1,000 in attendance nightly.

The first series of meetings, during February and March, was held in the Royal Albert Hall, a great circular structure erected as a memorial to Prince Albert, the royal consort of Queen Victoria. It is the finest and most famous auditorium in Great Britain. It accommodates 11,000 people, and was practically filled each

night, with sometimes as many as from 5,000 to 10,000 people unable to obtain admission. Even in the afternoons an average of about 7,000 gathered regularly to hear the Old, Old Story proclaimed by Dr. Torrey. The great audiences thus made the remarkable total of about 100,000 per week, or over 750,000 for the Royal Albert Hall campaign.

At the great Welcome meeting in the Royal Albert Hall on February 4, 1905, the evangelists were greeted by one of the most remarkable audiences ever gathered in the historic building. It included leaders of all creeds in the world's metropolis; journalists and publishers famous the world over; numerous Members of Parliament; and well-known leaders of the English aristocracy.

In his opening address Dr. Torrey expressed his belief that the world was experiencing the first stages of a religious awakening which would prove to be the greatest known in history. In his preliminary remarks before speaking from the text Philippians iv: 4, "Rejoice in the Lord alway," he said: "The times of silence are over. The future has come. It is your privilege and mine to live in one of the greatest epochs of the world's history. All round the horizon the dawn is breaking. For years now earnest souls have been praying God for a mighty outpouring of His Spirit such as



LORD KINNAIRD,
President of the London Evangelical Council, under whose auspices was conducted the five months' campaign in the English metropolis.

we have heard others tell about, and to-day you and I are living when God is answering these prayers. I thank God I live in 1905, for I am confident that this and the years that follow are going to be the greatest years the world has ever seen for real manifestation of God's saving power."

The great audience was both melted and electrified by the revival melodies as rendered under the leadership of Mr. Alexander. Standing upon the high, red dais erected upon the platform, he captivated and dominated first his two-thousand-voice choir and then his huge audience, until he had them in the hollow of his hand and made the vast structure resound as probably never before with thunderous pæans of revival song. The next day a writer in a London daily declared the Gospel singer was "Alexander the Great"; that he was "more than a choir conductor; he was a crowd conductor"; and that he would "make London hum, for he would make London sing."

The editor of a London daily who had himself attended the meeting gave his readers his own impressions of the singing. He said: "I have seen the methods and the triumphs of the most famous baton-wielders of the time—Colonne, Nikisch, Mottl, Weingartner, Henry J. Wood. Never have I been so much impressed as I was by this bright-faced, athletic-framed,

energetic young evangelist. As the leader of a choir he has an amazing, an almost magical, influence. It is not only over the trained choir, either, that his influence carries. He simply makes everybody sing, and sing just as he wants them to. Never has Albert Hall resounded with a greater volume—never thrilled to a more intense effort."

On the night following the welcome meeting, the first evangelistic service was held in the Royal Albert Hall. Although eleven thousand people were inside the great building, yet it was estimated that ten thousand others were unable to secure admission. Dr. Torrey delivered a powerful sermon on the subject, "What It Costs Not to be a Christian." At its conclusion, when he gave the invitation to all those who would accept Christ to stand up and publicly confess Him, between two and three hundred persons arose in all parts of the auditorium.

The very first man to stand upon his feet, almost as soon as the words were out of Dr. Torrey's mouth, was a well-dressed gentleman sitting upon the platform, who was later found to be a colonel in the British army and a member of the nobility—Colonel Horace G. P. Beauchamp, C.B., son of Sir Thomas and Lady Beauchamp. He had been induced by friends to take an interest in the meetings, and as he

listened to Dr. Torrey's convincing arguments he decided to give his heart to God and boldly confess Christ before the great multitude. From that night Col. Beauchamp's life was transformed. He went everywhere telling his friends about his conversion, and giving his testimony before large and small audiences. On one occasion he addressed a great Men's Meeting in Exeter Hall, and on another, spoke to the students at the London Polytechnic. Speaking at a Converts' Meeting soon after his conversion, Col. Beauchamp said: "How easy everything is now! I can't keep quiet. Every one of my friends knows it. Now my whole desire is to serve God. Thank God His Holy Spirit is working through Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander. It is not Dr. Torrey; it is not Mr. Alexander; it is God's Holy Spirit working in the Albert Hall. Life is so easy now. All the difficulties I saw ahead of me have vanished, and I am able to speak of God's love and of all that He has done for me."

One night when speaking to a group of poor men at the London Medical Mission, Col. Beauchamp told them something of his life story before his conversion, saying: "I sowed my wild oats as well as anybody. I was an awful gambler; I think gambling kept me back more than anything else from becoming a child of God. Eventually in His mercy God again spoke

to me. I had got command of my regiment, and thought it was about time I gave up living for the devil, and pulled myself together. So I tried in my own strength to live for God. What I did in my own strength was to live a fairly religious life. I used to go to the hospital every single day. I would conduct service every Sunday. I used to go to the prayer-meetings on week days; I would come up from the polo ground and go straight into the prayer-meeting in my polo kit. From the prayer tent I would go down to the mess, and, forgetting all about the prayer-meeting, all about the hospital services, I would play cards up to any hour of the morning. Not only that, but I would very often ask young officers to play with me who didn't want to play, but who thought they would have to play with a senior officer. I knew that card-playing and prayer-meetings on the same night was not right, and I knew I was getting no blessing out of the prayer-meetings. Things went on in that way for a long time. Eventually I left my regiment and sailed round the world. I was shipwrecked once; the boat ran into an iceberg, and it was generally believed that she was going down. Someone came up to me in the excitement, and said, 'Will you go into the saloon and join in prayer?' I said, 'No, I will not; I have not obeyed God in my life, and I'm not going to cry to Him now.' I

COL. H. G. P. BEAUCHAMP, C. B.

would have given anything to cry to Him, but I couldn't. I was ashamed to do it."

But prodigals as well as aristocrats were reached throughout the great meetings. From a father in Scotland, whose heart was full of praise, Dr. Torrey received the following letter:

"Dear Dr. Torrey: Allow me to thank God for your great work in London, and to thank you as the means by which my prodigal boy has returned. He is a young man of nearly eighteen years. He was in college, preparing to study medicine in the University, but had fallen into bad company in Glasgow. On December 4 of last year he got the keys of my safe, took a few pounds, and went to Cardiff. After knocking about, he arrived in London in the following March. Getting reduced to the very lowest, he went to your meeting one Sunday. He went again a day or two later, when an old man dealt with him, and he yielded himself to God. He wrote to me the next day, and I went to London for him immediately. He had been staying with one of the Church Army men, and was reduced to the lowest—watch gone, overcoat gone, boots gone,—and almost in rags. My wife and I believed he was in London, and we kept praying that God would guide him to your meetings, as we felt sure he would get saved if he went. God has answered prayer!"

Perhaps the most remarkable conversion of

the entire campaign was that of Quentin Ashlyn, a concert-hall singer and entertainer. All London was stirred by his sudden and bold confession of Christ.

One day, while passing the Royal Albert Hall on a bus, he felt a desire to go inside and hear the evangelists. He was impressed by Dr. Torrey's sermon, but did not surrender to God. On returning home, however, he found on the mantlepiece a sermon by Dr. Torrey on "Hell." He was so stirred by its delineation of the terrible doom awaiting sinners that he there and then decided to forsake sin and accept Christ. Mr. Ashlyn then wrote at once to the manager of the concert hall where he was appearing, and told him that he had been converted to God, and that he could not continue his work as a concert-hall entertainer. The manager would not release him from his contract, but declared that when his turn came on the programme he at least must appear, but if he desired, could go on to the platform of the hall and tell the story of his conversion. Accordingly Mr. Ashlyn walked out on the stage and said:

"I have come on to the platform this afternoon to explain why I am unable to give the sketch included in the programme. The reason is that I have been converted to God through the agency of the Torrey-Alexander Mission at the Royal Albert Hall. I feel my life must be

spent not in amusing people, but in the service of the Saviour who died for me. I feel that I cannot go on playing the fool before men and women knowing that many of them are going to eternal destruction."

The bold stand of the entertainer gave a new sensation to the great materialistic metropolis. The press contained long interviews with him; while the manager of the concert hall was so impressed that he offered his hall to Mr. Ashlyn free of charge for a week of revival meetings. The offer was accepted, and the singer told his story to crowded audiences nightly. At one service over twenty-five persons stood up to confess Christ, including an actress.

Following his conversion Mr. Ashlyn held revival meetings almost every night, in England and Wales, and hundreds were led to Christ through hearing the story of his transformation. In comparing his past and present life, Mr. Ashlyn said: "Before my conversion I was the most miserable man in London. I, who amused everybody, could not amuse myself. I was tired of theatres, tired of novels, tired of dressing myself—tired of everything. Now my heart's burden is gone, and I am a new man. My friends are all wondering at the change in my looks. I am as if I were in a new world."

After throwing up his profession Mr. Ashlyn was asked what his future would be. He

said: "It is not in my hands; He who has saved me will lead me, and where He leads I will follow."

Mr. W. T. Stead, who interviewed Mr. Ashlyn, declared that if half a dozen men as well known in London as Quentin Ashlyn were to experience such a revolutionary transformation from boredom to joy, and from misery to peace, and were to proclaim it as earnestly, the whole city would be shaken with a new realising sense of the miracle of the Word.

It was not long after the campaign began that it seemed as if all London was ringing with the Revival hymns. They were sung on the streets, in trams and buses, in the underground trains, in shops and factories and homes—everywhere. The "Glory Song" seemed literally to have captured London in a day. Street hawkers sold pirated editions of it in the principal thoroughfares. It was ground out in the gramophone and phonograph shops, and street bands played it in the fashionable West End. Musical people declared they never knew any one song, sacred or secular, to take so universal a hold upon London as did the "Glory Song." During the campaign at the Royal Albert Hall the famous song was called for at almost every service. One afternoon Mr. Alexander did not use it, and at the close of the meeting he had pitiful and indignant appeals for it. One

clergyman said he had come two hundred miles, and ought to go back that afternoon, but that he would stay until the night meeting if he could hear the "Glory Song" sung by the great audience. Before each service requests were handed up to Mr. Alexander by people from different parts of the country who said they had come long distances to hear the "Glory Song."

Throughout the London campaign the song next in popularity to the "Glory Song" was the touching melody entitled "Tell Mother I'll Be There," the chorus of which runs as follows:

"Tell mother I'll be there, in answer to her pray'r;
This message, blessed Saviour to her bear;
Tell mother I'll be there, Heav'n's joys with her to share;
Yes, tell my darling mother I'll be there."

This song was used not only as a congregational piece by the great audiences, but its popularity was largely due to its beautiful rendering as a solo by Mr. Paul J. Gilbert. Mr. Gilbert possesses a high, clear, tenor voice, and as he sang the hymn touchingly and prayerfully at scores of meetings, it is safe to say that literally hundreds of people were led to give their hearts to God. Mr. Alexander also used the song occasionally as a solo. After one such occasion he received the following letter from a young man

who had been in the audience the previous night. He wrote:

"Dear Mr. Alexander—I feel that I cannot let this day pass without in some measure thanking you for the rendering of that beautiful solo, 'Tell Mother I'll Be There.' I listened with great interest to Dr. Torrey's sermon, 'What Shall It Profit a Man?' and in some degree was convinced that I was not going straight; but when you sang the hymn I was struck at once, and immediately you had finished I went to my apartments. I could not sleep at all, but just as the dawn was breaking I returned to the Good Shepherd's Fold. I have been away from home some time now, and had determined to go home to-morrow (Saturday) and see my mother, and tell her the good news. I received the enclosed this morning, and my heart is almost breaking—for I am too late."

The card which was enclosed contained simply these words:

"Dear John—Mother died this morning at eight o'clock."

Undoubtedly the prayers of that mother were heard and answered before she passed into the presence of the King.

Another revival song which led to numerous conversions was the one entitled "In the Good Old-Fashioned Way." In one of the meetings, when testimonies were being given by the con-

verts, a working man arose and said: "I am an uneducated section-hand, but I'm not ashamed of it. I worked on the Union Pacific Railroad in 1878. I wasn't converted then, but since I was converted at the Royal Albert Hall, instead of swearing while I work I have been singing 'The Good Old-Fashioned Way.' My mates used to call me 'Blackguard Stan'; now they call me 'Converted Stan.' One of them said to me the other day, 'What is this? You used to curse and swear; now you are singing all the day. You are happy and comfortable. One time you used to come to me on a Monday morning to borrow, now you have change in your pocket at the end of the week! What is it you have got? I want a bit of that.' I said, 'What I have got is good for you, and you can have it the same way as I got it.'" As the section hand finished his narrative he said: "I am always singing the 'Good Old-Fashioned Way.' I'll sing it for you now if you like." Mr. Alexander, smiling radiantly at the man, urged him to do so by all means. In his rough, untrained voice the man sang lustily:

"In the good old-fashioned way,
In the good old-fashioned way;
I am going home to glory
In the good old-fashioned way."

The happy face of the man, and his words

which came from a heart overflowing with joy, touched many in the audience and were as good as a sermon. The joy of the converts is typified by a phrase which one of them used in a letter to Dr. Torrey. He said:

"I wake up in the mornings singing, and go to bed at nights singing."

A notable feature of the Royal Albert Hall campaign were the half-hour song-services led by Mr. Alexander at the conclusion of each afternoon and evening meeting. He began them because the people were so eager for the Gospel songs that they lingered after the meetings were over and seemed loth to go home. He declared that he had never seen anything like the enthusiasm of the Albert Hall audiences since leaving Australia. In these song-services he frequently called upon somebody to give a testimony, and the service usually closed with a solo by Mr. Gilbert, during which a second invitation was given, in response to which from ten to twenty persons generally stood up to accept Christ. One afternoon Mr. Alexander called upon his wife to relate an incident of personal work which had occurred in London a short time previous. Bravely ascending the crimson-covered dais, and, in a clear, soft voice which carried to the topmost gallery, she said, a deep silence falling over her vast audience with her opening words:

DR. TORREY AND MR. AND MRS. ALEXANDER,
With group of Cambridge University students who spent a week in personal work
in connection with the London Revival.

"I was in London a few days before the work commenced, and went into a waiting room, and there saw a woman sitting at the table, with such a look of bitterness on her face that my heart ached for her. I spoke to her, but she shook me off as sharply as she could. I tried again, but she rebuffed me again. I prayed in my heart that God would give me some word to say to her, she seemed to need love and friendship so much. Still she would not hear me, and the tears filled my eyes as I turned away, her words cut me so.

"I went out into the street and looked about for a flower-shop. I could not find one, but presently a young girl came along selling flowers and I bought a bunch of lilies of the valley. The woman did not look very pleased when I entered the waiting-room again. But I went up to her and said, 'Would you mind accepting a few flowers from me?' You should have seen the change that came into her face on the instant. The look of bitterness fled. Then I found the way was open and that I could speak to her. It seemed that some professing Christians had made her turn away from the Saviour by some act of injustice they had done to her. She was judging the Lord Jesus by those who were not following Him truly.

"I mention this that we may all ask God to make us real Christians, so that when we go

among other people they may know just what we are, and no longer say of us that we are merely professing Christians."

On another ocasion Mr. Alexander called upon his wife to recite the beautiful darky version of "The Ninety and Nine." She again mounted the dais, and recited it as follows:

"Po' lil' brack sheep dat strayed away,
Done los' in de win' an' de rain—
An' de Shepherd He say, 'O, hirelin',
Go fin' My sheep again.'
An' de hirelin' say, 'O, Shepherd,
Dat sheep am brack an' bad.'
But de Shepherd He smile, like dat lil' brack sheep
Wuz de onliest lamb He had.

"An' He say, 'O, hirelin', hasten,
For de win' an' de rain am col',
An' dat lil' brack sheep am lonesome
Out dere, so far f'um de fol'.'
But de hirelin' frown, 'O, Shepherd,
Dat sheep am ol' an' grey!'
But de Shepherd He smile, like dat lil' brack sheep
Wuz fair as de break ob day.

"An' He say, 'O, hirelin', hasten,
Lo! here is de ninety an' nine,
But dere, way off f'um de sheepfol'
Is dat lil' brack sheep ob Mine!'
An' de hirelin' frown, 'O, Shepherd,
De res' ob de sheep am here!'
But de Shepherd He smile, like dat lil' brack sheep
He hol' it de mostes dear.

"An' de Shepherd go out in de darkness
Where de night was col' an' bleak,
An' dat lil' brack sheep, He fin' it,
An' lay it agains' His cheek.
An' de hirelin' frown, 'O, Shepherd,
Don' bring dat sheep to me!'
But de Shepherd He smile, and he hol' it close,
An'—dat lil' brack sheep—wuz—me!"

As Mrs. Alexander concluded, tears were seen in many eyes, and when the invitation was given a number of the veterans of the Crimean War, who were present that afternoon, arose to confess their acceptance of Christ.

Another interesting convert was a church organist. One afternoon after a meeting had ended and Mr. Harkness, the pianist, was locking up the grand piano, a gentleman stepped up to him and in the course of conversation confessed that he was leading an immoral life, although he was an organist in a London church and the teacher of a Sunday-school class. Mr. Harkness talked earnestly with him, declaring that he could only get the victory by a wholehearted surrender to Christ. The man would not yield at the time, however, but arranged to return and talk it over again with Mr. Harkness. Two days later the latter received a letter from the organist, in which he said: "Glory to God, I found peace at three o'clock this morning, after spending half the night in prayer. There was a tremendous battle, but God had the vic-

tory. Praise His Name forever. It has been a grand day for me to-day. I have this day surrendered all to Jesus and asked the Lord to

> "'Take my hands, and let them move
> At the impulse of Thy love.'

No more concerts or dance meetings. I have dedicated my piano to the praise of Jesus. My heart is full of singing."

The audiences in the Royal Albert Hall were composed not only of people from every section of London from Whitechapel to Mayfair, but included people from almost every great nation on earth. One night while singing "Blest be the tie that binds," the question was asked how many different nationalities were represented in the audience, and it was learned that men and women were present from the following countries: America, Switzerland, France, Germany, Russia, Japan, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Holland, Australia—fifteen nationalities in all including England.

During the two months' campaign at the Royal Albert Hall, which constituted the first stage of the five months' crusade, the names of 6,500 converts were registered. Lord Kinnaird, the president of the London Evangelistic Council, in speaking of the first phase of the movement, said: "It has exceeded our most sanguine expectation. There has never been a

continuous series of meetings with so large an attendance. The meetings of Moody and Sankey did not attract larger numbers, and in no instance did these missioners stay so long in one place. I think, too, that the results, so far as we can judge them yet, are most satisfactory. These have proved our contention that the people only want the Gospel preached to them by level-headed, earnest men and they will respond. We have reached the people we intended to reach, and to a most astonishing extent. I know this to be a fact for the reason that I have seen present many of those whom I personally invited."

XVIII

A TYPICAL MEN'S MEETING IN LONDON

THE most striking and interesting of all the meetings which the evangelists held in England were those for men only and those for children only. It may prove of interest to describe a typical men's meeting as held in the Royal Albert Hall during the London campaign.

It is seven o'clock on a wet Saturday night, yet thousands of men are making their way toward a common goal—the Albert Hall. In long black lines they pour in at the score of entrances to the huge structure, which holds 11,000 people, and in a few moments the arena and the stalls are a solid mass of black-coated men with a plentiful sprinkling of grey hair and bald heads. The audience is not composed of callow youths, but chiefly of middle-aged men—the backbone of London's life. Here are members of Parliament, bankers, lawyers, doctors, soldiers, postmen, bakers, and grocers, vagabonds—a heterogeneous gathering of rich and poor, high and low. In a few moments the

boxes begin to fill up, and the far-away upper balcony. The last seats in the balcony are finally filled up with a throng of hundreds of women, who have been waiting patiently for an hour in spite of the rain, and in spite of the fact that the meeting has been advertised "for men only."

As Mr. Alexander, tall and smiling, makes his appearance, the throng irresistibly bursts into applause. Mounting the high, crimson-covered dais from which the evangelists both address the vast audiences, he said: "Before we begin, let's have a word of prayer. I find we get on better if we have a talk with the Lord first. 'Our Father, bless us in singing to-night. May many men "touch the hem of His garment" and find peace.'"

Following the prayer, Mr. Alexander announced the hymn, and as he led the thousand-voiced choir and the great audience with his usual energy and graceful sweeping movements of arm and body, he cried out between the verses, "We are going to have victory to-night!" The song ended, Mr. Alexander read the following letter he had just received:

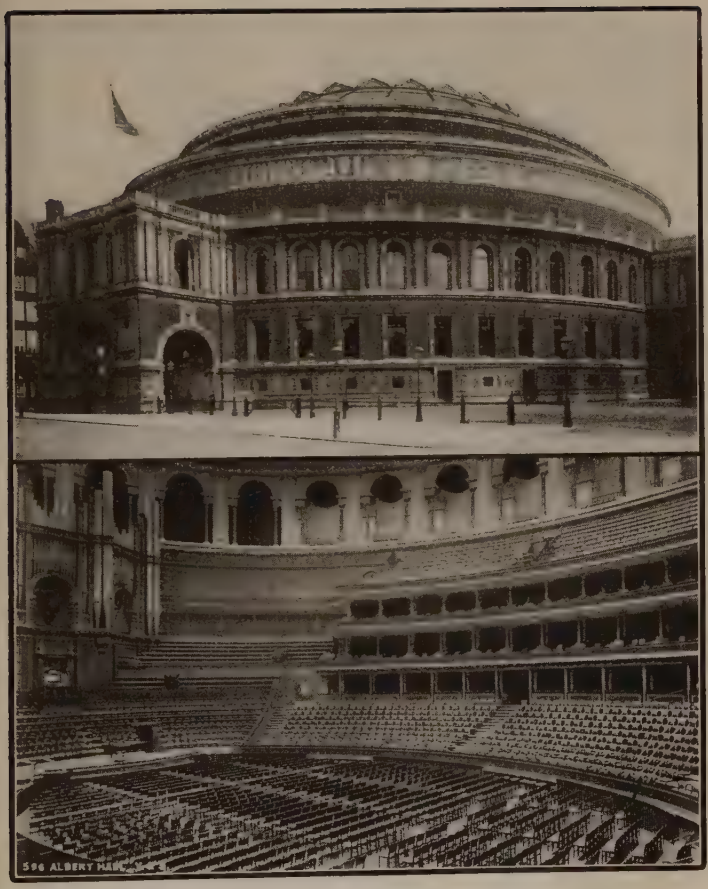
"Dear Sir: At the Saturday night service for men only, held a fortnight ago, a man for whose conversion his wife had prayed for eighteen years was saved. On the following Monday he commenced holding services at his house, and

a lady present asked for special prayer on behalf of a mothers' meeting at which she was to speak the following afternoon. She told them that she had been at this mothers' meeting time after time, but had never had conversions. They prayed that she might have conversions, and at the meeting the following day seven women were saved."

After another song, "Stand up for Jesus," which Mr. Alexander declared the men sang splendidly, he exclaimed: "There are about forty Cambridge men here. I don't know where they are, for they are scattered all over the house. Get up and give us in one sentence the best thing that ever happened to you in your life."

There was a pause—(here it may be remarked that the forty men had come down from Cambridge University to spend a week at the revival meetings at their own expense in order to do personal work)—and then one of them arose and said: "I have received a great blessing through doing personal work. It straightens out your life. If you want to do personal work you have got to straighten out your life and get right with God."

Another stood up and exclaimed: "The best day of my life was the 30th of October, 1897, when I came to the Lord Jesus Christ in my third year at Cambridge."



ROYAL ALBERT HALL, LONDON, EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR,
where Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander conducted a
two months' daily campaign.

A third said, "I gave my heart to the Lord Jesus when I was five years old. Since then it has been my purpose to serve Him in foreign lands. The greatest joy I ever had in my life was last August, when first I was the means of bringing a soul to Jesus Christ." "Amen! That's good" echoed Mr. Alexander.

A graduate of Cambridge, who is now preaching the Gospel, the nephew of a millionaire English brewer, arose and said: "I found the Lord when I was up at Cambridge, after I had taken my degree. Perhaps the most wonderful thing that happened to me was when I found that one might be sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost." "That's Barclay-Buxton" cried Mr. Alexander. "If you don't know him you ought to get acquainted with him."

"I have found that it is only by personal work one can keep close to the Lord," exclaimed another.

Following this inspiring series of experiences Mr. Alexander announced "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?" and the vast concourse joined lustily in singing. "Fling open your hearts and let in Jesus Christ to-night!" he exclaimed between the verses of the song. "Does that begin to get hold of your heart, and are you trying to harden it? Don't do it! Let your heart open up, and let in your mother's Saviour to-night. You may have bolted and

barred it for forty or fifty years, but fling it open to-night and let Him in! Let Him in!"

When the last verse was reached, he said, "I want only those fathers who have an unsaved son to sing that last verse. There may not be more than a dozen or two of you, but sing it, if you have a son you would like to see saved. It doesn't matter if he is away off in China or India, or where he is, the Lord can reach him." Then, not from a dozen, but from hundreds of throats there arose in plaintive, pleading tones that brought tears to the eyes, a subdued, but strong volume of sound from the fathers in the audience who had wandering boys scattered far and wide over the face of the earth:

"Go for my wandering boy to-night;
Go, search for him where you will;
And bring him to me with all his blight,
And tell him I love him still."

The last strains of the song had not died away before Mr. Alexander led the throng into the chorus of "Tell Mother I'll Be There," the song which had been second in popularity to the Glory Song from the commencement of the Albert Hall revival. Heartily the choir and audience sang:

"Tell mother I'll be there, in answer to her prayer."

Just before the sermon the choir and congregation united in singing the Glory Song. As

the thousands of male voices united in singing the famous song, the effect was overwhelming. The mighty volume of melody roared in one's ears "as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings."

The half-hour's song-service was now over, and after the notices and one or two prayers, before which several requests for prayer were read, Dr. Torrey ascended the dais, and said:

"God has given me for my text to-night that passage of Scripture which I suppose has been used to the salvation of more poeple than any other passage in the whole Bible—John iii. 16: 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.' That short verse of Scripture has been used to the salvation of thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands—millions of people. Some have merely seen it printed up on a wall; some have read it in the Bible; some have seen it on a text-card; some have heard it in a sermon; but millions of people have been saved through the power of that text. And I do pray that again to-night God may use that text to the salvation of hundreds of men in this audience."

For nearly three-quarters of an hour Dr. Torrey then pled most earnestly and passionately with his vast audience to sur-

render to the love of God and yield themselves to Christ. The address was not rhetorical or oratorical. It was not filled with glowing imagery, nor spiced with much humour, but from the first it was convincing and convicting. Every man in the great audience felt the preacher was absolutely sincere. Dr. Torrey spoke as one having authority, not with a vain show of words, "but in manifestation of the Spirit and of power." He closed abruptly, and after a brief prayer, called for decisions. In ringing tones he exclaimed, "I want to ask every man in the building, old or young, who will here and now yield to the love of God, who will accept Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour, surrender to Him as your Lord and Master, begin to confess Him as such publicly before the world, and live from this time on to please Him in everything day by day—everyone who will thus accept Jesus Christ to-night stand right up, all over the building."

There was a pause. Then a man arose, and Dr. Torrey exclaimed "God bless you, sir." Then in every part of the huge building men began rising, singly and in twos and threes, and for several minutes Dr. Torrey was kept busy repeating: "God bless you—and you—and you—and you—and you, my boy—and you, sir—and you—and you—I can't keep track of

you all; as you rise just say, 'I will,' and we can hear you even if I do not see you." For ten or fifteen minutes the men continued to stand to their feet and then resume their seat in response to Dr. Torrey's appeal. Then, while the audience was hushed and silent before God at the wonderful manifestation of His presence and power, Mr. Alexander said that instead of singing an entire hymn as usual, he merely wished to sing one verse—the third—of that noble hymn, "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross." Many eyes were wet with tears as he sang touchingly:

"See! from His head, His hands, His feet
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?"

Dr. Torrey now called upon those who had stood up before, and any others who would accept Christ to "rise and remain standing." As they arose to the number of between 250 and 300, there was a chorus of "Amens" and "Hallelujahs" from hearts overflowing with joy at the glorious victory. While the audience remained seated, Dr. Torrey asked all those who had risen to move out into the aisles and corridors and come down to the front of the building, and there confess Christ publicly before their fellowmen. It was a heavy ordeal, but the men faced it bravely, and presently long

lines of young men, old men, and boys were seen streaming down to the platform. It was a magnificent and thrilling spectacle, and was one of the most remarkable sights ever witnessed in a religious gathering in London. While the men were coming to the front someone in the audience started "O Lord, send the power just now," and all united in the chorus:

"O Lord, send the power just now!
O Lord, send the power just now!
O Lord, send the power just now!
And baptise every one!"

In a few moments about 250 men were standing packed closely together around the platform, extending out on either side and down the centre aisle in the form of a cross. Facing the audience, they repeated after Dr. Torrey in ringing tones: "I have taken Jesus as my Saviour, my Lord, and my King."

Seats were now cleared at the front of the building for those who had confessed Christ, and a worker sat down by the side of each to pray with the new convert and explain the Way of Life more clearly. Now came the usual five minutes for personal work, during which hundreds of workers went through the audience pleading earnestly with those who had resisted Dr. Torrey's appeal to make the great decision at once. As moment after moment passed, nu-

merous workers who had obtained victory came down to the front, each bringing one or two men or boys with them.

The five minutes concluded, Dr. Torrey arose and delivered his customary address to the company of converts gathered at the front. I wish it could be given verbatim, but there is not space for it. It is the clearest statement of what it means to become a Christian that I have ever heard from the lips of any evangelist. I give, however, his five closing suggestions, which, he says, "If you will follow, I will guarantee you will never backslide even should you live to be a hundred years old."

"*First—Keep looking at Jesus.* Don't look at any man. If you are troubled about your sin, look at Jesus on the Cross, and know that your sins were all settled there. If you are tempted to sin, look at Jesus on the Throne, and trust Him to keep you. If you are puzzled what to do, look at Jesus and think what He would do.

"*Second—Keep confessing Jesus.* You have started to-night, now keep it up. Show whose side you are on at your own church or chapel, in your office—everywhere.

"*Third—Keep studying your Bible* at least fifteen minutes every day.

"*Fourth—Keep Praying.* Take plenty of

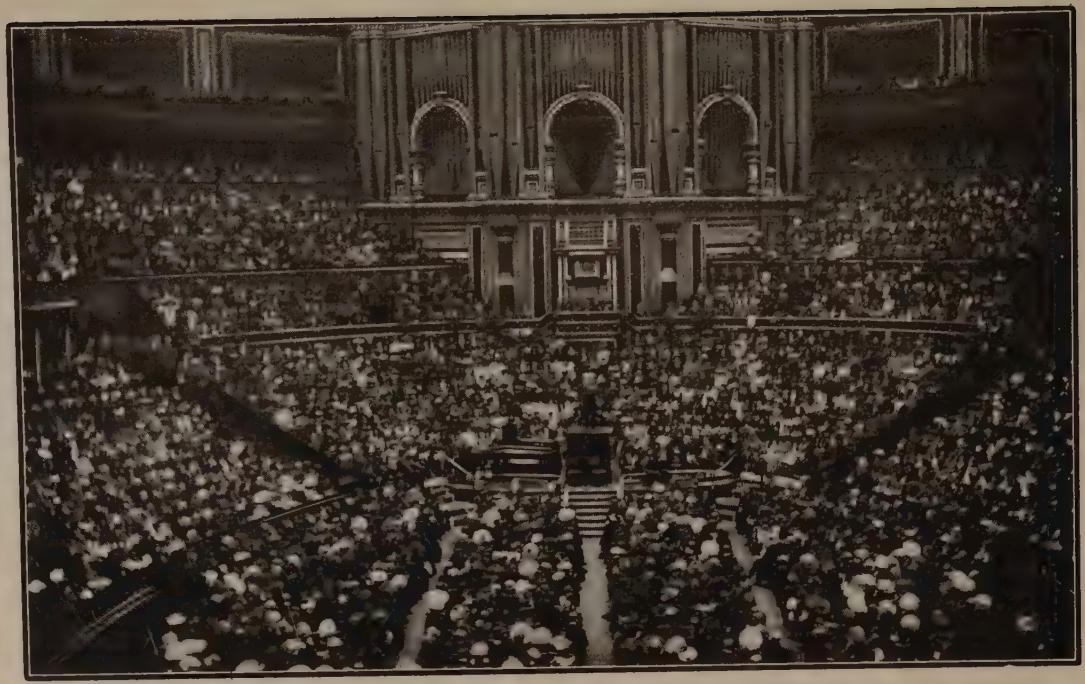
time to pray. Every time you are tempted, pray. Every time you are in trouble, pray. Every morning when you get up, pray. Talk to God before you talk to man. Every night when you go to bed, pray, and so finish up the day with God. Every time you feel like it, pray; and every time you don't feel like it, pray.

"*Fifth—Go to work.* You have taken Christ to-night. Bring someone else to Christ between now and to-morrow night. Try to bring someone else to Christ every day. You won't always succeed, but it will do you good. The more you work for Him the more you will enjoy it.

"Finally, find some church, chapel, mission, or assembly, and join it. And be faithful to it. Let me tell you what church to join. Go to a church where they preach the Bible; keep away from the church where they tear the Bible to pieces."

Following Dr. Torrey's exhortation, the entire audience, in recognition of the wonderful victory of the evening, united in singing "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow."

The meeting proper was now over, and part of the audience dispersed. The remainder, however, remained behind, and a fervent and inspiring song-service was held for half an hour



MONSTER CHILDREN'S MEETING IN ROYAL ALBERT HALL, LONDON,
numbering fully twelve thousand.

Before the gathering finally broke up, Mr. Alexander told how all grades of people had been reached during the eight weeks' revival, including the son of a peer, a colonel in the English army, atheists, infidels, and clergymen, a London concert hall singer, and so forth. He then called upon Mr. G. W. Bradshaw, one of the most prominent bankers in London, who had been seen almost nightly doing personal work in the meetings, to say a few words to the converts. Mr. Bradshaw said: "The hard time for you young Christians is coming on Monday morning. I am a business man, and know the difficulty of confessing Christ in the office. The tenth chapter of Romans tells us that 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead' we 'shall not be ashamed.' God's going to be right back of you on Monday morning."

Slowly, and with evident reluctance, singing revival hymns as they went, the audience finally left the great building, and the night of victory came to an end.

Meetings for the children of London were held in Albert Hall on two Saturday afternoons. On each occasion about 12,000 boys and girls and their guardians were present, and at the two meetings 1,300 stood up to confess Christ. The first Saturday afternoon the crush was so

great that thousands were unable to obtain admission.

At the second meeting an event occurred which had a most touching and beautiful sequel. The favourite song with the children was always the "Sunbeam Song." While the twelve thousand people were singing this song lustily Mr. Alexander noticed in the front seats three little, poorly-clad Jewish girls who were singing with all their might the song about Jesus. Quickly stopping the multitude with a word and a wave of his hand, Mr. Alexander called the three children up to the dais upon which he stood, and putting his arms around them, asked them to sing the chorus of the Sunbeam Song alone. Bravely the little girls—two of them eight and one seven years of age—sang the refrain—

"A sunbeam, a sunbeam,
Jesus wants me for a sunbeam;
A sunbeam, a sunbeam,
I'll be a sunbeam for Him,"

and when they had concluded the great throng burst spontaneously into applause. Mr. Alexander presented each of the three little girls with a copy of his hymn book, and in each he wrote:

With my love
For singing at the Children's Meeting
At the Royal Albert Hall.
Charles M. Alexander.
II Timothy ii. 15.

Upon making enquiry I found that the little girls were members of a party of twenty Hebrew children who had been brought from the poor Whitechapel district by a Christian lady. Before the meeting ended eleven of the twenty stood up to confess Christ as their Saviour. Two days later Mr. Alexander received the following letter from the lady who had brought the children to the Hall:

"Dear Mr. Alexander: I should so like you to know that the second of the three little Jewish girls you called up to sing to-day is a real little sunbeam at home. She was in the big blue cape; her name is Fanny Shmolefski. Her father has been in America for a year now, and the mother and four children have a hard struggle, but Fanny's faith helps her mother through many a dark hour. The other day the mother said, 'I couldn't help crying a little,—not much, for I did trust my Heavenly Father—but I had just had notice to quit from the landlord, and didn't know what we should do. Fanny came in and asked why I was crying, and said, "Mummy, have you forgotten our Father in Heaven? Let's pray." So down she went on her little knees and told God how lonely and friendless and helpless we were, and that she was only a little girl and couldn't help, but He was her big Father in Heaven who could do everything. Would He have pity, and answer, and help.' The answer came before the week was over, in the form of a lodger girl, who paid for half the room.

"There has been a work going on in many of the children's hearts for a long while, and some of them have been caned in the Jewish Day School for coming to my class. To-day brought them to a decision, and I am just overflowing with joy and thankfulness to God. Yours sincerely in Him, ——"

Mr. Alexander read this letter to the thousands at one of the Albert Hall meetings, and as he finished tears were flowing and handkerchiefs were being used in every part of the Hall.

But this is not the end of the story. A day or two later, Mr. Alexander received a letter containing $1.00 from a member of his choir who was a servant girl. Others also sent contributions, and quickly a sum of $25 was raised for the destitute family.

A few days later I went over to the Whitechapel district, and found Mrs. Shmolefski and her children in two small rooms on the fourth floor of a big tenement building in the heart of the Jewish quarter of London. The mother's clothes were in tatters, and she and the children had lived for a year largely on bread and tea, as the husband had sent back only a meagre sum since he had gone to America. In answer to my enquiries about her history and her religion Mrs. Shmolefski told me that they had come to London from Russia thirteen years before, and that it was after they had been in London for about eight or nine years that she had become a Christian, through the instruction of a medical missionary to the Jews. She declared that although she was so poor yet she was rich in her four children and grateful to God for His gift of them. With glowing face and

shining eyes she told me how, when Fanny came home from the Children's Meeting at the Albert Hall, she sang all the revival hymns she had heard at the meeting, even imitating Mr. Alexander's actions as he led the great multitude in Gospel song. Then in her broken English she said: "You may not believe me, gentlemen, but I tell you truth. That night when we were all in bed sleeping I waked up and saw my Fanny sitting up in bed and crooning softly to herself those beautiful songs once more."

Truly in a wonderful way God rewarded that little Jewess's faith. First the lodger girl came; then the child was given the honour of singing to twelve thousand people in the Royal Albert Hall; and third the family were provided for for many weeks to follow. The entire incident brings to one's mind with new force the beautiful words of Jesus in Matthew xviii. 3, 4: "Verily, I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven."

XIX

IN SOUTH LONDON AND ON THE STRAND

DURING the last three months of the London campaign the revival meetings were held in great iron and glass tabernacles erected in South London and on the Strand, the latter in the heart of the metropolis. The South London structure stood on the corner of Brixton Road and Acre Lane, in the centre of the district known as Brixton. The big building contained 5,500 seats, and was almost or quite filled each night during the eight weeks' series of meetings, while oftentimes many hundreds were unable to obtain admission.

The keynote of the work in South London was the intense enthusiasm with which hundreds of Christian people engaged in personal work in soul-winning. Not only in the Tabernacle did they plead with men, women, and children to accept Christ, but they did personal work everywhere. In one of the revival meetings a foreman in an omnibus yard arose and told how he had had the joy of leading a bus-driver to Christ in the harness-room of the stables.

Another young man in the audience then sprang to his feet and said that the friend who had previously spoken had told of something which had happened above ground, but that he had had the privilege of leading a man to Christ down in a sewer! Among the most enthusiastic personal workers in South London were the captains of two cricket teams who had been converted in the Royal Albert Hall. One of them came to me with glowing face, and said that eleven members of his cricket club had accepted Christ. The other captain also informed me that eight of his team had publicly confessed Christ, and that the converts were going to hold a prayer meeting to pray for the unsaved members of the team. These are but examples of hundreds throughout London who were set on fire to do personal work for Christ within their own circle of influence.

Throughout the entire campaign Dr. Torrey urged the duty and the joy of personal work with the fiery eloquence and zeal of an Old Testament Prophet. At a meeting in the South London Tabernacle he said: "I would rather win souls than be the greatest King or Emperor on earth; I would rather win souls than be the greatest general that ever commanded an army; I would rather win souls than be the greatest poet, or novelist, or literary man who ever walked the earth. My one ambition in

life is to win as many as possible. Oh, it is the only thing worth doing, to save souls; and, men and women, we can all do it!"

Nor did Dr. Torrey stop at pleading with Christians to work for the unsaved. He also urged them to *pray definitely each day for definite individuals.* He suggested that each Christian should make a prayer-list by writing at the top of a piece of paper—"God helping me I promise to pray earnestly and work persistently for the salvation of the following persons —." In telling his hearers how to draw up the prayer-list, Dr. Torrey said, "Kneel down before God and ask Him what definite names to put down on the paper. Write them down as God gives them. Pray every day for the conversion of each one. Work as well as pray for them. Really put yourself at God's disposal for God to reach those persons through your lips or your letters." He then gave examples of how all the names on the lists of two persons had been saved, saying:

"When we were in Belfast one of the leading men of that city made such a prayer-list. I think it was on the last day of our campaign—it was in the last week, anyhow,—he came to me and said, 'Brother Torrey, the last person on my list has been converted to-day.'

"When we were in Melbourne, Australia, and I proposed this, a young lady sitting among

SOUTH LONDON TEMPORARY TABERNACLE,

Erected at a cost of $20,000 for the two months meetings in South London. Seating capacity 5000 to 6000.

the audience made a mental prayer-list before she left the meeting. As the meeting broke up she hurried straight to me and said, 'Dr. Torrey, the first person I had mentally on my prayer-list has been converted to-night.' And when I went down to the dock to see Mrs. Torrey take the steamer for England, the young woman was at the steamer, and she said, 'Dr. Torrey, the last person has gone off my prayer-list, and I have got to make a new one.'"

Will not each person who reads these lines make a prayer-list of this kind, and begin praying and working for your unsaved friends, and thus help to start a revival in your own church and community?

Revival melodies seemed to be the only songs one heard in the streets or in the homes throughout the South London campaign. Grocers' boys and telegraph messengers whistled them as they went their rounds; policemen hummed them on their beats. Often as the doors of the great Tabernacle stood open the songs rendered by the great audiences could be heard long distances away. One evening a young man was standing in a crowd on the street, waiting to get into the theatre opposite the tabernacle, when he heard the great audience within singing "All Hail the Power of Jesus Name." As a boy he had been in the village choir, but since coming to London at the age of thirteen had

gradually drifted away from God. When he heard that hymn it recalled the memories of better days, and, leaving the crowd, he came across to the tabernacle, listened to the sermon, and gave his heart to God.

The world-wide popularity of the "Glory Song" was shown in a striking manner at a meeting in the great South London tabernacle. Mr. Alexander requested those present to tell of the different places where they had heard the Glory Song, and one after another arose and said they had heard it—"in a Church of England;" "over the telephone;" "in a warehouse;" "down in a coal-mine;" "on a street organ;" "on the lower deck of a steamer;" "at a Welsh revival meeting, where it brought fifty men to Christ;" "at Port Said;" and "on the Tibetan border."

An interesting feature of the London campaign was the fact that visitors often came long distances, and, having caught the fire, carried the revival flame back to their own lands and their own communities. Four German gentlemen while travelling in Switzerland read in the Swiss daily papers accounts of the great movement in London, came to England to see it with their own eyes, and went back to Germany to spread the fire among their own fellow countrymen. A French count was brought to the meetings by a member of the English

nobility, was converted, and returned to France to witness for Christ. A pastor from Denmark spent a week attending the meetings, and then returned to his native land, where he has since been conducting revival meetings with wonderful success. He translated the "Glory Song" into Danish, and later declared it achieved instant popularity and was sung all over the Kingdom.

A lady left her home in Scotland to attend the meetings for a few days, but became so interested that she devoted herself day and night for nearly three months to doing personal work. She was the means of leading over a hundred persons to accept Christ before she returned to her native land.

An officer in the British Army arose in a meeting in the South London tabernacle, and told how after attending some of the revival meetings in the Albert Hall campaign his heart had been filled with an overwhelming desire to save souls. He returned to his home in Ireland, and, together with his wife, started a series of drawing-room revival meetings. In addition to this he gave Gospel talks to men in a neighboring schoolhouse. Numerous conversions were the result, and one case was especially noteworthy. It was that of a gentleman, the nephew of a viscount, who had been leading a thoroughly Godless life. In describing the

gentleman's conversion, the officer said: "I told him what the Lord had done for me, and he accepted Christ then and there. 'Now,' I said to him, 'you want to confess Christ; you had better come to our next drawing-room meeting.' He came to the next drawing-room meeting and publicly confessed Christ. He at once gave up fishing on the Sabbath, and gave up swearing—although previously, his clerk said, he used to swear the roof off almost if he only lost a paper—and started to spending all his money on Bibles, Concordances, Testaments, and tracts."

Another beautiful feature of the movement was the fact that thousands of children were not merely converted, but were filled with fervid zeal to win others to Jesus. On three different occasions one little girl walked seven miles to attend meetings in the Tabernacle, and each time brought a little friend with her. Another little girl went home from one of the meetings and filled the house with the melody of the "Sunbeam Song." Her drunken father was struck by the words of the hymn. He said, "I'm not much of a sunbeam, am I, wife? But" he said, "if that little thing's going to be a sunbeam for Jesus, it's about time I began to shine up." And he gave his heart to God.

The revival movement was not by any means confined to the great mass meetings conducted

by Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander. The fire kindled there led to the starting of scores of local meetings throughout the great metropolis. Even the famous village greens in and about London were often taken possession of for open-air services. After attending the revival meetings, a group of Christians from a suburb of London went back to their homes fired with a desire to do something in their own village. Although they could not preach they decided to sing on the village green. God so blessed them that in ten days there were sixty conversions, and the whole church was filled with the glory of Christ.

During the South London campaign the names of about 5,000 converts were recorded. At the closing meeting Lord Kinnaird thanked the great choir most heartily for the splendid service they had rendered throughout the crusade, and made the significant statement that even yet people did not fully realise the power there is in sacred song. He said: "I believe that of all modern discoveries, the power of sacred song, and the power of a choir to help forward revival work is only just being found out by the Christian church at large. We hope you will all go back to your churches and missions and schools more on fire than you have ever been before, and take the inspiration to your homes and districts, so that we may have

during 1905 a greater number of converts in London than London has ever seen. Why should we be behind Wales? If Wales has a hundred thousand converts, why should not London? We thank God, however, that this is only the beginning."

The meetings in the Great Hall, Strand, located in the very heart of London, during the last month of the campaign, were services of power and victory. Over 2,500 converts were recorded, the great majority being adults. After the first week, when it rained nearly all the time, the tabernacle seating between 5,000 and 6,000 was practically filled each night. The audiences were composed of a larger proportion of the unsaved than were the audiences in either the Royal Albert Hall or in South London. Scores of unemployed men with which London teemed at this time drifted into the meetings unsaved, and went out rejoicing in Christ as their Redeemer.

During a heavy thunderstorm a man walked into the great Hall, seeking shelter from the rain, and sat through the service. The Spirit of God touched his heart, and he yielded himself to Christ. That evening he sent a note to Dr. Torrey in which he thanked God for the rain, and declared that he was on his way to commit suicide when he entered the Hall and found salvation. Later it was learned that when that

note was read out there was another man in the evening congregation who had also started out to commit suicide, but he, too, accepted Christ and found rest and peace.

An infidel girl went into a meeting in the Strand Hall, determined to show her defiance by reading a novel during the service. Her attention was caught by Mr. Alexander stopping the singing of the song "His Grace is Sufficient for me" to ask a party of blind people who were present if God's grace was sufficient for them in their affliction. The happy "Yes!" from the sightless people profoundly impressed her, and she followed Dr. Torrey's sermon closely, was deeply convicted of sin, and accepted Christ.

Three milkmen accepted Christ one night when the invitation was given at the Strand Hall. Their employer's custom had been to give each man ten quarts of milk, with instructions to make twelve quarts of it by giving their customers short measure. After accepting Christ, they went the next morning to their employer, told him that they were Christians, and that they could not consent to give short measure any more. Without a word he gave each man the full twelve quarts, and continued to do so from that day.

Not only all classes, but all ages, were reached. At an afternoon meeting Dr. Torrey read a letter received from a public-school

teacher who had given her heart to God during the meetings in the Royal Albert Hall. She wrote concerning the work that was going on amongst her scholars, as follows:

"Dear Dr. Torrey: The enclosed is to show you how much a child can understand about the love of Jesus. I am a day-school teacher, and brought a great many of my girls, aged from 10 to 11, to the Children's Service at South London. Some of them were the naughtiest, especially the one who wrote the enclosed letter. They came out to the front, and how much they meant it is seen by the difference in the behaviour and work not only of themselves but of the whole class. There is no need of punishment where little children give their hearts to Jesus. They tell their friends and school-fellows about the black and gold rings, and are winning souls every day. The writer of the letter brought five girls to me in a fortnight. She is most earnest in her work, urging those she speaks to to go out and tell others. We have very happy times at school now. What a difference the love of Jesus makes in a class of fifty girls—sunbeams everywhere!"

The letter from the child which was enclosed ran as follows:

"Dear Teacher: I am very glad to say that I feel ever so much happier, and I feel that you are in comfort, too. At the same time I know that Jesus is pleased with me. I know, too, that if I get more and more to come to Jesus I shall be working for God, Who is Jesus. I remember the story of how a little girl was not pleased until she had got all the little children to Jesus. We are told she was like a locomotive. She must have been happy because she knew that she was pleasing to the Lord Jesus. I will try and do the same with God's help

DR. TORREY ADDRESSING A GREAT CHILDREN'S MEETING,
in South London Tabernacle.

and grace, for when I am pleasing Jesus I am pleasing everybody except Satan and his host of people. I remain, Yours sincerely, ANNIE."

How deeply thousands of young men in London were affected by the movement was shown by the fact that they were not afraid to show their colours in public. A young lady who went to business every day by train declared she saw numbers of young men each morning reading their Bibles in the train on their way to work, and often being laughed at for doing it. She said it had all come about since the beginning of the revival movement.

A few days before the movement in the Strand ended, a new Gospel song was added to Mr. Alexander's collection of revival hymns, which achieved instant popularity. It was entitled, "Oh, What a Change!" and was written by a lady already widely known for her sacred verse, Miss Ada R. Habershon. She was a worker in the campaign, and heard Dr. Torrey speak one afternoon upon "The Second Coming of Christ." She was much impressed by the Doctor's words, and on returning home wrote the beautiful lines of the hymn, the first verse and chorus of which are as follows:

"Soon will our Saviour from Heaven appear,
Sweet is the hope and its power to cheer;
All will be changed by a glimpse of His face—
This is the goal at the end of our race.

Oh, what a change! Oh, what a change,
When I shall see His wonderful face!
Oh, what a change! Oh, what a change,
When I shall see His face!"

Soon afterwards Miss Habershon handed the lines to Mr. Harkness with the request that he would set them to music. During Dr. Torrey's sermon one night, as the pianist scanned the lines, he had an inspiration, and, pulling from his pocket a piece of paper jotted down the melody. The hymn was quickly printed as originally written—without any alteration whatever—and delighted everyone who was privileged to hear it. During the last days of the campaign on the Strand it was sung on an average at least once in each meeting.

During a portion of the five months' movement not only were afternoon and evening meetings held in the various great structures, but revival meetings for business men were held in the heart of the commercial district. A series of noonday meetings for business men was held in the great hall of the Cannon St. Hotel, one of the historic gathering places of the city and located within a few hundred yards of the Bank of England. The hall was daily packed with seven hundred people, while at times large numbers were unable to obtain admission. It was an inspiration to see the men who directed great commercial enterprises gathering day after day

to hear Dr. Torrey's addresses upon "Why I Believe the Bible to be the Word of God"; "Did Christ Rise from the Dead"; and kindred subjects. The meetings were opened by Sir Ernest Tritton, Bart., M.P., and the Lord Mayor of London was present at one or two of the meetings, occupying a seat upon the platform.

Later a second series of mid-day meetings for business men was held in the Hamilton Hall of the Great Eastern Hotel, Liverpool Street. These also were most successful, and near the close of each meeting Dr. Torrey made a direct appeal to the business men, who had gathered together for a short time in the midst of the day's work, to boldly confess their allegiance to Jesus Christ. From half a dozen to a score arose to accept Christ each time the invitation was given.

The result of these business men's meetings will be felt for many years to come in the commercial life of London.

The great five months' crusade came to an end with an historic meeting for praise and thanksgiving held in the Royal Albert Hall. Ten thousand people gathered in the great structure where so many victories for Christ had been won, to give God the glory for the wonderful success of the entire movement. The memorable gathering lasted nearly four hours.

It was presided over by Lord Kinnaird, and the great audience included members of the nobility, Members of Parliament, leading bankers and professional men, prominent English clergymen, editors, and men of affairs. It was announced during the evening that 202 meetings had been held in the course of the campaign, attended by 1,114,650 persons, giving an average attendance at each service of about 5,500. Best of all, however, was the announcement that the number of converts recorded since the beginning of the movement exceeded 14,000.

During the evening brief addresses were delivered by Lord Kinnaird, Mr. W. G. Bradshaw, Rev. F. S. Webster, M. A., Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, and by Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander.

Lord Kinnaird gave utterance to the joy which filled the hearts of the committee at the most successful conclusion of the great crusade. He declared that one of the best features of the work, next to the great number of converts, was the fact that so many had been inspired to do personal work. In speaking of one person whom God had blessed in this form of work, he said: "A lady set herself to work, at the beginning of the campaign, on one family, and the result is that the father and mother and three children, all of ripe years, have been brought to a knowledge of Jesus Christ so far

as we can know. How happy she must be this evening!"

One of the most interesting addresses of the evening was that of Mr. W. G. Bradshaw, the second in command of the great London City and Midland Bank, who, as Chairman of the Executive Committee, gave a glowing summary of the great movement. He said in part:

"We have reached to-night the last meeting of what has been, I suppose, the greatest revival campaign held in London since the days of Mr. Moody, and we are gathered here with very mingled feelings. On the one hand we are sad that the happy service of the last five months has come to an end. On the other hand our hearts are full of praise and thanksgiving to God for the great things which He has done, and for all the blessings He has sent us. 'The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.' The campaign has been, through the mercy of God, a wonderful success. Overflowing congregations have gathered day by day to listen to the simple Gospel preached in the plainest terms, until they have aggregated over a million souls. More than fourteen thousand men and women drawn from all classes of society have accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour, their Lord, and their King. For five months, more than ten thousand Christian workers have stood shoulder to shoulder in the cause

of the Gospel with unbroken harmony and brotherly love. The old truths—the Divinity of Jesus Christ, the inspiration of the Scriptures, the power of the Lord to save and to keep anyone who will put his trust in Him—have been sounded forth with no uncertain sound, and it has been demonstrated that they still retain their hold upon the masses of the population. Thousands have had their faith strengthened, their hopes revived, their zeal rekindled. The responsibility upon every Christian of taking part in the great work of winning souls to our Lord Jesus Christ has been emphasised and brought home in a way which I think has never been equalled before. 'The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.'"

Perhaps the most striking part of the entire programme, however, was the music. Mr. Alexander led the choir and audience with such enthusiasm and buoyant energy that one of the speakers declared he looked more as if he were beginning a five-months' campaign rather than ending one. The new revival hymn, "Oh, What a Change!" was sung with thrilling power and effect by the vast assembly. As the ten thousand people reached the high note at the end of the chorus, the great multitude was electrified. At the conclusion of the set programme the people seemed loth to leave, and for nearly an hour Mr. Alexander led them in Gospel song.

The meeting finally concluded with the great audience uniting in singing "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow," and thus the wonderful campaign came to a fitting and glorious end. Although the mass meetings, however, had concluded, Dr. Torrey expressed the fervent hope that the ending of the public meetings was only the beginning of a continuous revival in the great metropolis. He declared that he longed for the day when every church, every chapel, and every mission in London should be on fire for God, and when every street and every alley should ring with testimony for Christ and with songs of praise to God.

XX

DR. TORREY'S VIEWS OF THE REVIVAL

ONE morning in the midst of the London revival I called upon Dr. Torrey, to obtain from him a summary of his two and a half years of revival work in Great Britain. I found the evangelist in the beautiful home of a loyal supporter in a suburb of the metropolis. As I entered the room, Dr. Torrey was busy dictating letters to his secretary,—which, by the way, was quite a formidable task, for he sometimes received a hundred letters in a single day. In the same business-like way in which he conducts his services Dr. Torrey acceded to my request for an interview, and rapidly answered my various questions.

I first asked the evangelist whether he was fully satisfied with the results of the London campaign. In reply he said: "I am never satisfied. I am always looking for something better. But the results have been such as to cheer our hearts; they have been, I think, beyond what anyone expected. To think of the Albert Hall being filled to overflowing every

night for two months, and oftentimes filled to overflowing in the afternoons, with people who came to hear the old-fashioned Gospel is enough to cheer anyone's heart. It is cheering to think, too, of the many thousands who definitely professed to accept Christ, whose names are on record, and many of whom are now in the churches. While this may not satisfy one who wants the very best, it does rejoice us beyond measure."

When asked whether his work in England had exceeded his expectations, Dr. Torrey said: "Yes; my two and a half years' work in England has exceeded my expectations, but still I am looking for greater things. As to the number of converts there have been I cannot tell. There have doubtless been thousands of whom no record has been made. I understand that there were 60,000 recorded up to the time of coming to London."

"What have been, in your judgment, Dr. Torrey, the chief characteristics and the chief results of your revival campaigns in England?"

"The chief characteristics," he replied, "have been dependence upon God; prayer to God by thousands of people all over the world; large expectations from God; a belief in the entire Bible as a divine revelation; a persistent preaching of the old doctrines—the only doctrines that have ever proved effective in winning

men to Christ; and the emphasis laid upon the personality and work of the Holy Spirit.

"The chief results of the movement have been the re-establishment of faith upon the part of men whose faith had largely vanished; the bringing to faith of men who never had it; a widespread confidence in the Bible as the Word of God; the stirring up of Christians to new effort for the salvation of the lost; the leading of thousands of Christians out into a more thorough consecration to God; and the salvation of many thousands of men, women, and children."

Just here it will doubtless be interesting to know what sort of preaching by Dr. Torrey has produced such remarkable results. Dr. Torrey has condensed the creed he preaches into a brief statement, which is as follows:

"I can sum up my creed in a very few words. I believe in the Word of God. I believe in the Bible as God's absolutely reliable revelation of Himself to me, and I believe in the power of the Bible. I know the old book is not worn out. I know the old book is just what this old perishing world needs to-day just as much as ever it needed it, and when men stick to the book and distrust their own opinions and everybody else's opinions, and just approach God's truth as He has revealed it in His Word, it meets the need of the hour.

"I believe in the power of the Blood of Jesus

Christ. I believe that there is a power in that Blood to atone for the sins of the vilest sinner, and that in a moment, as soon as he accepts Christ, that shed Blood will blot out every sin and make his record as white in God's sight as that of the purest saint in glory.

"I believe in prayer. I know God answers prayer; it is no theory with me. I know God answers prayer just as well as I know I exist. I know God does definitely in answer to prayer the very thing that you ask Him to do. I know it; it is no guesswork. I am not able to explain the philosophy of it. What I am concerned with is not philosophy, but facts.

"I know that when a company of God's people—it does not need everybody in the whole community who professes to be a Christian—when even a small company of God's people get really right with God, and begin to cry to God for an outpouring of His Spirit in mighty power, I know God hears."

I next asked Dr. Torrey what classes of people were reached before he came to London. In reply he said: "All classes were reached. Members of the nobility were reached in some of the provincial towns; very many men prominent in business life; men known in political life; a very large number of middle-class people, forming the backbone of society; and many hundreds of the poorest, the most depraved and vicious;

and a great many who call themselves agnostics or atheists have professed to accept Christ in the different towns we have visited."

When asked whether members of the fashionable circles and the aristocracy had been reached to any extent during the London campaign, Dr. Torrey replied: "Yes, indeed. In a matter like this one does not wish to mention names, but we know of quite a number of people who are members of the fashionable circles and the aristocracy who have been won to Christ —in some cases entire families."

In speaking of his work in England compared with that in Australia, Dr. Torrey said: "I think the work in England exceeds the work in Australia in almost every respect, and the tide is constantly rising."

I next asked Dr. Torrey whether he believed the revival would spread throughout the entire world, and he replied: "I think that all countries will be reached by the revival before it passes away. It is already breaking out in places in Norway, Sweden, Germany, France, Switzerland, India, China, and Japan, to say nothing of the wave of blessing that seems to be sweeping over America at the present time, and to say nothing of what has already been seen in Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania."

When asked to compare the present awakening with those which have occurred in previous

epochs of history, Dr. Torrey said: "It is too early to say what will be its place in history compared with past revivals, but I think present indications seem to show that it will be far wider spread than any previous one, and already, if it is to be measured by the number of converts in some lands, it has produced effects beyond many revivals of the past of which we have heard a great deal."

"What seem to be the outstanding features of the revival?" I next asked the evangelist.

"The outstanding features," he replied, "seem to be the emphasis laid upon prayer (which is the case in every real revival); the emphasis laid upon the reality, personality, and power of the Holy Spirit; and the emphasis laid upon the power and credibility of the Bible, and upon the necessity of an out-and-out consecration to God and absolute separation from the world."

"What is your opinion of Evan Roberts of whom so much is heard from Wales?"

"I think that Evan Roberts was beyond question a man raised up of God, and a man through whom God has wrought wonderfully, and I am hoping and praying that God will use him more abundantly than ever."

"Do you think it is possible for every community to have a revival, and if so, how?" I then asked the famous preacher.

"I do believe that it is possible for every community to have a revival" said he. "I started out on the theory when I began my ministry, that a revival condition was the true condition of the church, that a church ought to be in a perpetual state of revival. I went to work to see if this could not be realised, and it has been realised in the four churches of which I have been pastor. Since my first year in the ministry I have been in a constant revival in my own churches.

"As to how it is to be realised:—first of all, by a goodly number of Christians getting right with God; second, by their giving themselves up to God to cry for a revival until it comes; third, by their going out to be used personally in bringing others to Christ. A great deal, of course, depends upon the ministers, and one of the saddest things at the present time is to see how many ministers there are who are simply onlookers, sometimes sympathetic, sometimes critical, but not seeming to feel that they have any responsibility in the matter. I think there is a Day of Judgment coming for ministers who stand aloof at the present time and do not go alone with God and cry to Him until the blessing reaches their own churches. But where ministers will not do their duty nor even feel their responsibility, still a revival may be had. There have been revivals in many communities

during the past year where the ministers have been set aside, and the people have simply gone ahead without them.

"There is not a church or chapel or mission on earth where you cannot have a revival, provided there is a little nucleus of faithful people who will hold on to God until it comes. The revival of 1857 in America started in answer to the prayers of three laymen, and spread over the whole nation. Four men prayed the great revival to Kells, and then to all the North of Ireland, in '59. One was a farmer, one a blacksmith, one a school-teacher, and the other a man in humble life. These four men held on to God week after week, and though at first there did not seem to be any result, the fire came at last, and Ireland, Scotland, and Wales were shaken by the power of God. One of these four men is still living in Scotland at an advanced age."

It will be remembered that Dr. Torrey did not begin his world-wide revival campaign in America, but in Japan. When I asked him whether he would endeavour to completely girdle the globe by conducting crusades in the leading cities of America, from the Atlantic to the Golden Gate, he said:

"I do not know that I shall *complete* my evangelistic tour by conducting revival meetings throughout America, but I do expect to

conduct revival campaigns in America beginning in January next. I doubt very much if this will complete my tour, however, for I expect to again visit Japan and China, and I have very urgent invitations to go to South Africa. I have likewise been invited to hold revival campaigns amongst the universities of Germany, and through the large cities of Germany, and also in Sweden."

It may be mentioned that the invitation to Dr. Torrey to visit Sweden came directly from Prince Bernadotte, the son of King Oscar, who strongly urged the evangelist to begin a campaign in the capital of Sweden. It is also worthy of note that in all the large cities where special evangelistic campaigns were conducted the work was in each instance under the direction of a large committee, at the head of which was generally a man of wealth and influence. For example, at Glasgow the head of the committee was Lord Overtoun, the well-known philanthropist and Christian leader; at Bristol it was Mr. Joseph Storrs Fry, the famous Quaker philanthropist and manufacturer; at Bolton it was Col. Richard Ainsworth, J. P., a wealthy landowner and man of affairs. At Cardiff the president of the committee was Mr. John Cory, the millionaire coal magnate, who is the best-known and best-loved Christian leader in Wales. The head of the committee which arranged the

evangelists' three-months' stay in Liverpool was Mr. John C. Procter, a member of the Liverpool Corn Exchange, and one of the foremost corn merchants of England; while in London the president of the Evangelistic Council was Lord Kinnaird, a man who stands for all that is best in English nobility, and whose name is a household word throughout Great Britain.

XXI

SOME OF THE SONGS OF THE REVIVAL

A SIGNIFICANT feature of the world-wide awakening has been the prominent place occupied in it by Gospel song. Everywhere the people have caught up revival songs with boundless enthusiasm, and God has wonderfully used them in the conversion of thousands of the unsaved. It is Mr. Alexander who gave to the revival movement its most popular Gospel melodies. Although he did not write the hymns, he introduced them and set millions to singing them, not only in churches and chapels, but on the streets, and in homes and shops and factories. When I asked Mr. Alexander what was the chief aim of his songs, he said:

"The first object is to win men and women to Christ. Paul says 'By all means to save some,' not 'By some means to save all,' and I use all kinds of Gospel songs and hymns to reach all kinds of people. I seldom ever use a hymn that hasn't a picture in every line of the poetry. Of course, even when we have good words with a picture in every line, and the tune

does not flow easily and in good range for the average voice, it is a failure."

"How were the hymns in your book selected?"

"It would be impossible to go into detail to tell you where they have come from. They are the ones that have been tried and found effective in soul-winning. I have got them from all kinds of people in all kinds of places, and they are for all classes. Sometimes a man or woman will write one Gospel song that will go all over the world, and probably never write another that one would care to save. I never put a song in the book because some friend has suggested it, but because I find it is invaluable in our work. I oftentimes have to go against the advice of my musical friends when I insert some of them. I think my childhood's training at my mother's knee, when we used to sing Gospel songs together, has given me a natural instinct, when I hear a Gospel song, to know whether people will like it and be helped by it.

"My pianist, Mr. Robert Harkness, has written some of the best songs for our work. He is constantly playing throughout the meetings, and he catches the spirit and swing until he naturally writes in a dignified, striking, and spiritual manner.

"I might give you an instance of how one of our most popular and helpful songs was writ-

ten. I handed the words of one song in our book—'Never Lose Sight of Jesus'—to my friend Mr. Harkness, who has been with me ever since we were in Australia, and asked him to write some music for them. He wrote a large number of tunes, but I felt sure that none of them would be the proper vehicle for the words. At last, one day, after repeated failures to get the right tune, I left Mr. Harkness at the piano and went into an adjoining room to pray. I should have done this at first. While I was in prayer, asking God to give us the tune that would carry the words to the hearts of the people, Mr. Harkness struck a melody that caught my ear immediately. I rushed into the room and told him to 'Hold on to that' for it was the melody I wanted, and now it has gone all over the world. It is one of the prime favourites in the Welsh revival. Mr. Evan Roberts told a friend of mine who was visiting in Wales that they sang this song more than two hundred times in one service. It is immensely popular with all classes, from the woman at the wash-tub to the society woman in her drawing-room.

"What feature in the musical side of the revival gives you the keenest delight?"

"I would soon tire of this part of the work if it were not for the soul-saving part of it, which gives it a spring and a newness and fresh-

ness every day. Mothers come to me and tell me of the changed lives of their wayward sons through some of the songs; tired working men and women write me of the help the songs are to them in their daily toil; and I hear from the workers of the hundreds who have been touched by the songs and led to a decision for Christ. That is the keenest enjoyment of the whole work—an enjoyment which makes it the most blessed work in the world."

"How do you proceed, Mr. Alexander, in stirring up a new and unresponsive audience?"

"The first thing I try to do," he replied, "is by some method to produce a homelike atmosphere among the people in the audience. One must make them forget that they are in a set service. I try to do nothing undignified or eccentric, but endeavour to induce such a feeling as you have in a company of friends gathered around a fireside at home. For example, at Northfield one summer they asked me to conduct a praise service. When I reached the platform and during the first verse or two of the hymn I felt a deadening spirit come over the meeting—a formality that invisibly but surely closed in upon myself and the people. I knew in a moment that if that influence continued long the service would be a failure. My mind immediately went to work to invent something that would dispel the spirit. My accompanist,

Mr. Harkness, was playing the piano, which was on the floor below me. I knew we were not getting sufficient volume from the instrument, so I stopped the singing, and called for volunteers of big, strong men to lift the piano on to the platform. Immediately everyone was watching the moving. Their formality was gone, and they sang heartily as if they were in their homes, gathered around the piano.

"One of the best and quickest methods of getting into touch with a new audience is to pick out a little boy or girl from somewhere in the gathering, have the child stand on the seat where he is, or call him to the platform, and let him sing the chorus alone. If too bashful, call two children together. This is rather risky, but it nearly always works. The sympathy of the audience is called out to the boy or girl. People forget the leader, forget themselves, forget the things they were thinking about when they entered the building.

"In beginning with a new audience I always select one of the simplest airs in the book. I may not even give out the number of the hymn, but just say, 'Listen while I sing this chorus; I want you all to sing it with me.' In a short time they learn the song, see my movements and what they mean, and follow me more quickly and easily in the remainder of the service. Finally, a leader must be a leader. He

will certainly fail if he does not make up his mind that he is going to conquer the audience before he sits down. People like to follow when they have a leader."

"Have you found that enthusiasm increases with the size of the audience?"

"As a rule, yes," said Mr. Alexander. "However, the way people are seated has much to do with enthusiasm, and especially the appearance of a platform and the way it is filled. If a platform is closely crowded it is far easier to control an audience than when there is an empty, bare platform."

"How do English audiences compare with those in other lands in singing ability?"

"Australian audiences," said Mr. Alexander, "fuse and melt together in enthusiasm very much like the audiences in the southern part of the United States. They are of English parentage, yet live in a warm climate, so that they combine the fire of a Southern audience with the dignity of an English one. They will continue singing for hours, and never seem to tire. I shall never forget our last night in the Exhibition Building in Melbourne, when we had a choir of twelve hundred and fifty, a brass band of twenty-one pieces, two concert grand pianos, a pipe organ, and an audience of eight thousand people. After Dr. Torrey had spoken an hour and had pronounced the Benediction,

they shouted out that we must have some singing. They sang selection after selection. They sang 'God Be With You Till We Meet Again' seven times from beginning to end. They arose from their seats and packed themselves as closely as they could around the instruments, and finally it took three big fellows to get me out of the crowd.

"The Scotch people enjoy the Psalms. The Irish are very much like Americans, and have beautiful voices. But it takes the English audience to sing the stately old hymns with proper verve and spirit. In an audience of ten thousand people in England nearly everyone will at least be singing the air. I have rarely heard more magnificent singing than was rendered in Bingley Hall on the last Sunday night of our campaign in Birmingham. There was an audience of eight or nine thousand, men only, and a choir of one thousand, and we were singing 'All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name' to the tune of Miles Lane. At the last verse, when we reached the words, 'Crown Him! Crown Him!' I asked the men to uplift their right hands. The effect was marvellous. To hear ten thousand people singing at the top of their voices on these words, and to witness ten thousand hands uplifted at once was one of the most thrilling sights I have ever seen.

"Musicians frequently say to me," said Mr.

Alexander, "'Why don't you use classical music—tunes above the style of Gospel songs?' I reply, 'When you can show me similar effects following such high-class music in moving the hearts of men and women I will use it fast enough. Until then I shall keep to Gospel songs, which have a wonderful way of reaching everybody because they touch the soul.'"

Mr. Ira D. Sankey exerted a long-felt influence upon the religious songs of England and America, and Mr. Alexander is exercising a similar influence to-day. With millions daily singing the revival songs—in school and home and shop and factory—Mr. Alexander is not merely adding a note of joy to the churches, but to the daily lives of the people.

XXII

THE PERSONAL SIDE OF DR. TORREY

DURING the ten months that I have had the privilege of studying the work and methods of Dr. Torrey, the thing that has most impressed me about him as a man has been his *absolute faith in God.* He believes absolutely that God answers prayer to-day just as truly as He did in the days of old. His whole life has been one long series of striking answers to prayer; and it will be remembered that the tour around the world came about in answer to that wonderful prayer of his upon his knees in the small hours of Sunday morning in the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago. It is a constant inspiration to witness Dr. Torrey's faith in the midst of the revival work day after day. One of the most beautiful features in his work is the short prayer which he invariably offers just before delivering his sermon. For two or three moments he seems to forget the things of the world and to stand in the very presence of God; and it is wonderful to see how his prayers for the salvation of men are often answered ere the

service is concluded. A striking illustration of how marvellously God has answered the prayers both of Dr. Torrey and of the tens of thousands throughout the world who are praying for the work of the evangelists is the fact that during the entire tour of the world, which has lasted nearly four years, and during which he has spoken sometimes as many as eight times a day, he has never missed a single meeting."

Another characteristic of Dr. Torrey which strongly impresses one in close touch with his work is his *enthusiasm for personal work*. He believes thoroughly in doing personal work, not merely in the meetings but on the streets, in street cars, on 'buses, on trains and steamers—everywhere. Many of the most striking parts of his sermons are the stories of his experiences in soul-winning in all parts of the world. A single sermon will often contain graphic pictures of how he spoke to some man about Christ on a busy thoroughfare in Chicago; of how he led a man to the knowledge of the truth in a home in Australia; and of how he spoke to some young man about his soul while walking along the highways of Liverpool. Dr. Torrey not only believes that it is the duty of every Christian to engage heartily and constantly in personal work, but he himself sets the example in this respect in spite of the large demand upon his time and strength. Dr. Tor-

rey often declares in his sermons that the world will never be won to Christ by the ministers of the Gospel, for there are not enough of them, but that the end will be achieved by personal work, for it can be done by everybody and at all hours of the day and night.

A typical instance of Dr. Torrey's skill in personal work is the following, which occurred during the evangelist's tour of Australia:

One day in the city of Maryborough in Australia, there came to the house where he was staying a very fine-looking man, with a magnificent physique, extraordinary head, dome-like forehead. Dr. Torrey showed him to a seat and he looked at him with a penetrating gaze and said, "I want to ask you a question. I don't profess to be a Christian. I make no pretensions to believing in or confessing Christ, but I do claim to be a moral, upright, honourable man. As far as I know, my life is blameless. I want to ask you what you have against me?" Dr. Torrey said, "Did you say you are not a Christian?" "Yes," he replied, "I am not a Christian." "Do you say you have not confessed Christ and taken your stand upon His side?" "Yes, sir, I have not confessed Christ, and make no pretensions, but I am moral, upright, honourable, blameless." Then Dr. Torrey, looking square into his eyes, said, "My friend, I will tell you what I have

against you. I charge you, sir, with high treason against Heaven's King." A dark look came over the man's face; almost a scowl. With scarcely a word he arose and left the house. Days and weeks and months passed, and the evangelists had been to Tasmania and had again begun work in Australia, in Ballarat about forty miles from Maryborough. At the close of one of the afternoon meetings, a man came to Dr. Torrey and said, "Do you remember me?" He replied, "Yes, I remember your face, I know I have met you, but I can't place you." He said, "Do you remember accusing a man of high treason against Heaven's King?" Dr. Torrey replied, "I have accused many a man of that." "Yes," he said, "but one specific man," and he brought up the time and circumstances, and it all came back. "Oh, yes," Dr. Torrey said, "I remember very well." "Well," he said, "I am the man, and I have come to Ballarat to tell you, sir, that you will never again accuse me of high treason against Heaven's King." He held out a mighty hand. Dr. Torrey put his in it, and he cried, "Down" and he sank down upon one knee and Dr. Torrey sank down upon his knee and he handed in his allegiance to Heaven's King.

Another leading characteristic of Dr. Torrey is his *zeal for the truth.* Throughout his

entire tour of the world, and especially in England, he preached the whole Gospel from the whole Bible with challenging directness. He resembled an Old Testament prophet, or the staunch John Knox in his fearless denunciation of worldliness and all forms of sin. In no uncertain terms he denounced dancing, card-playing, theatre-going, drinking, and smoking, for he himself had once engaged in these worldly pleasures and he knew thoroughly their pernicious effect upon the spiritual life of the Christian. Again and again he was criticised for declaring the truth regarding these things, but he felt that God had given him a message regarding them and he did not hesitate to utter it. Again in the face of criticism from ministers of the Gospel and of ridicule from the press, he did not hesitate throughout the entire tour of the world to preach future punishment for the unrepentent. Indeed, the title of one of his sermons was "Hell, the certainty of it; what sort of a place it is and who is going there." While still another was "God's blockade of the Road to Hell."

Another characteristic of Dr. Torrey which appears at every revival meeting, is *his absolute dependence upon the Holy Spirit for results.* I have heard him declare over and over again that if the people have come to hear him preach or to hear Mr. Alexander sing they will cer-

tainly be disappointed, but if their expectation is from God, there will be no disappointment, but they will have a wonderful outpouring of His Spirit. Dr. Torrey believes thoroughly both in organisation and in advertising the meetings as widely as possible, for he believes that God wants us to use every talent that we possess for the extension of His kingdom, but he depends for results not upon man's efforts, but wholly upon God's power. One afternoon in the Royal Albert Hall, London, Dr. Torrey declared that he would not dare to come before an audience without first imploring God upon His knees for a new infilling of the Holy Spirit. As Dr. Torrey has thus given the glory to God and honoured the Holy Spirit throughout the entire world-wide tour, God has wonderfully honoured and marvellously used him to the salvation of tens of thousands of immortal souls.

XXIII

THE PERSONAL SIDE OF MR. ALEXANDER

AT this point it will be interesting to look back over Mr. Alexander's career and mark those influences which have been most potent in giving him such a world-wide influence, and in winning for him the devoted love of tens of thousands of people all over the globe.

First and foremost among these influences I would put his *absolute belief in answered prayer*. He believes that God answers prayer in even the minutest details of daily life as firmly as he believes in his own existence. It has been my privilege to be associated with him most intimately for several months, and I have come to see that his faith is ideal in that it is ingrained into every fibre of his soul and shows itself constantly in his every-day thought and conversation. He believes in asking God for temporal as well as for spiritual things, having never forgotten the lesson of the suit of clothes given in direct answer to prayer. One day at the

dinner table, in speaking of the romance of his marriage, he declared that nothing was now too wonderful for him to believe.

A second distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Alexander's life is his *passion for personal work*. He declares that for more than two years after he became a Gospel singer he was content to merely lead the congregation in singing, and did little or nothing in personal dealing with the unsaved in his gatherings. But gradually his eyes were opened to his mistake, and when once he began to do personal work he went into it with his whole heart and soul. It is one of the most beautiful things about Mr. Alexander's life that he is willing and eager to learn from anyone high or low with whom he comes in contact. For five years he had with him a boy named Fred, who looked after his baggage and after the Gospel tents he used in America. Fred was an inveterate personal worker, and during his five years with Mr. Alexander he led 1,200 persons definitely to Christ by this method. Largely through the example and inspiration of Fred, Mr. Alexander was led into the light on this subject, and to-day he is not content until everyone with whom he comes in contact is engaged in this most effective form of Christian work.

A third quality which has given Mr. Alexander the affection wherever he has gone is his

unfailing *sympathy, courtesy, and kindliness.* He is never too busy to speak to anybody, no matter how humble. Frequently after a great meeting where thousands of people have been present, he is surrounded by scores of people, all eager to have a few words with him, and I have often been astonished, as well as delighted, to see how he takes time to greet each one cordially and to turn a sympathetic ear to their words. After the evening meetings he is almost invariably one of the last to leave the hall. Often the lights of the building are turned out while he is still in conversation, giving kindly advice or leading the other to Christ. His wife is no less enthusiastic and energetic than himself, and she also frequently talks on in the darkness with some girl or woman, endeavouring to lead her into the light and liberty of Christ.

A fourth quality that endears Mr. Alexander to everyone with whom he comes in contact is his *buoyancy and cheeriness* under all circumstances. His radiant smile has become famous, but his ardent spirits among his best friends are less generally known. I well remember how one night a world-famous journalist was greatly puzzled by the amazing vitality and energy of Mr. Alexander, and at his buoyancy at the end of a long and arduous day's work.

Another source of Mr. Alexander's power is

his *desire to be helpful to everybody*. He wants to give a blessing to everyone possible, either by personal contact or through Gospel song or through the printed page. As Mr. Alexander told me in various interviews the beautiful incidents in the foregoing pages I was deeply impressed with his desire to tell the narratives so that they might "be helpful" to the readers. It was this thought of helpfulness that led him, years ago, to take Second-Timothy-two-fifteen as a year-text, and then to urge everybody—thousands, everywhere he went—to take it also. It was this thought again that led him to put it on the outside of every letter he wrote, so that the mail distributors on the railroad trains, and the postmasters in the little country post offices might get a blessing from the unusual sight of a text of Scripture on a letter. It is this thought that still leads him to write 2 Tim. ii. 15 beneath his name almost every time he signs a letter, and in a wonderful manner God has blessed his desire to "be helpful" with this text, for it has encircled the globe and brought a blessing to hundreds of thousands of people of divers races and languages.

It was again the thought of helpfulness that led Mr. Alexander to search for a song that would be caught up and sung by everybody, and when he had found what he was in search of in the "Glory Song" to set all the resources

of his genius to work to make it the most popular song of the day. Again God marvellously blessed his efforts, for it not only "set Australia on fire," but has captivated all Great Britain and bids fair to capture America as well. Once more it was the thought of helpfulness that led him to utilise the remarkable little card bearing the four words "Get Right With God." At his own expense he started the plan and showed how it could be made a mighty agent in soul-winning, and he has since had the joy of seeing millions of the little cards printed, and of knowing that hundreds and doubtless thousands have been led to Christ through its agency.

I cannot close this sketch without giving the reader a glimpse at another side of Mr. Alexander's character—his humourous side. He has a seemingly inexhaustible store of anecdotes, any one of which will set a group of listeners roaring with laughter. In the home circle he is constantly uttering some droll phrase or telling some apt story which affords needed relaxation after the strain of revival meetings. In reproducing the peculiar tones and soft rolling laughter of the negro of the South land, he is inimitable. His stories of negro life are often as pointed as they are humourous. For example, one evening at a dinner party the Gospel singer related the fol-

lowing and while his hearers were still laughing he drove home the application:

"I meet people all over the world who think that they can continue in sin and still be in communion with God. There was an old coloured woman who had that idea, and expressed it in a rude way which fits thousands of cultured people in other ways. Old Eliza had stolen two of her white neighbour's geese, and had taken them home, turned a tub upside down over them, and slipped them under her bed. She purposed feeding them until they would be in good condition to eat. She did not know that her white neighbour knew of the theft. About this time a coloured preacher was holding a protracted meeting in the little negro meeting house near by. Eliza went down one day and she thought she had received a great blessing from the Lord. She started back home shouting and clapping her hands. The white neighbour saw her coming down the road, and said to a friend, 'There comes the old hypocrite 'Lize down the road shouting and clapping her hands. I'll just go out and fix her as she comes by my front gate.' She went down and waited till 'Lize got just opposite her, then she called out: ''Lize, you old hypocrite, what do you mean by going down to that meeting and claiming to get a blessing from the Lord, and come along down the road shouting this way,

when you know that you have got two of my geese in a tub under your bed this very minute?' 'Lize replied, 'Law' bless yo' soul, missis, d'you tink dat I'se agwine ter let a li'l ting like two geese stan' between me an' my blessed Lawd? No, sah, you'se mistaken ef yo' tink dat!' and she went on shouting down the road."

Of the countless benefits derived from a ten-months' study of the revival movement led by Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander, two of the most practical were these: *the undertaking of personal work; and the formation of a prayer-list.*

Would that one had the power to lay hold of every reader and tell with a tongue of fire the duty and the beauty of personal work. It is the Christ method, and it is the only way the world will ever be saved. Making it a rule for months to speak to someone daily about becoming a Christian and urging their acceptance of Him if they are not already His followers has proven a wonderful blessing. In this final word, may the writer not urge every person who reads these lines to make the matter a subject of prayer, and to ask God to show the path of duty in this regard?

Everywhere Dr. Torrey goes he asks the Christian people to make out a Prayer-List. The form he suggests is as follows:

"God helping me I will pray daily and work persistently for the salvation of the following persons:"

1.....
2.....
3.....
4.....
5.....
6.....
7.....
8.....
9.....
10.....

If a group of Christian people in any community will join together in this way to pray and work for the unsaved, and will pray daily for the outpouring of God's Holy Spirit in their church, a revival is sure to be the glorious outcome.

THE END

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